

MUSEUM
OF
Foreign Literature and Science.

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The History of Chivalry; or, Knighthood and its Times. By Charles Mills, Esq., Author of "The History of the Crusades." 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1825.

THIS was an appropriate undertaking for the able historian of the Crusades; and he has executed it with equal learning, fidelity, and elegance. The histories of the Crusades and of chivalry are kindred subjects. They belong to one great epoch of the world, and one constitution of society: their peculiarities and consequences are to be sought in the same storehouse of chronicle and legend; and it appertained to the same historical diligence and to the same accomplished mind to describe their origin, progress, and fall, to observe their influence, and to estimate their value and results.

If the manners of chivalry were not always as pure as its precepts, we are still bound to remember the institution rather for its utility, which cannot be questioned, than for its abuses, which have been exaggerated. Upon the severest scrutiny, we shall find that the Christian chivalry of Europe was, at least, purer than any preceding condition of society; for it drew many of its principles of action from a divine source, of which classical antiquity could never boast. That it threw grace over the ruggedness of barbarism, tempered the ferocity of rude man, and dignified the loveliness of woman;—that it seconded the exhortations of religion, and insisted on the charities of life, the sternest moralist will be free to admit; and the chain of evidence is unbroken, which deduces the humanity, the polished courtesy, and the decent refinement of modern manners from the code of chivalric observances.

But, taken as a distinct subject of inquiry, chivalry is attended with many contradictions and difficulties. It existed rather as a principle in the manners, than as an intelligible episode in the history of the middle ages. It ran as a silken and devious thread through the coarser texture of society. It is not easy to separate its realities from its romance, still less to give it a decided historical character; and here it is that we think Mr. Mills has shown most tact and ability. Hitherto the subject had been too much abandoned to dry antiquarians, or used only for the mere meretricious purposes of fiction. But he has succeeded in presenting it in a tangible shape and substance; preserving the severe simplicity and form of history, and yet investing his inquiries with the grace

and attraction which were proper to the theme. At the same time, we must complain that, in the enchantment of his fancy, he has sometimes forgotten his philosophy. His veracity as an historian is unquestionable; his facts are undeniable and clear; but, in his comments upon them, he more frequently appears as the advocate than the judge of the cause.

The work opens with some remarks on the origin and first appearances of chivalry in Europe. The occupations and every-day life of knighthood, the education, the marshal equipment, the military, religious, and social qualities of the *preux chevalier*, are considered in successive chapters; and then we are led to his gentler and more romantic attributes. We are next introduced to the splendid and dazzling scene of the joust and tournament; and, lastly, in a digression, we are presented with a highly interesting account of the religious and military orders of knighthood.

Having thus skilfully described all the circumstances and appurtenances of chivalry, our author resumes his historical office. His inquiries into the progress of chivalry are conducted successively through England, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. In each of these countries the general train of chivalric events is narrated with fulness and care: the growth, meridian, and decline of the chivalric spirit are accurately traced; and the work concludes with a general estimate of its merits and its effects upon the frame of European society.

Such is an abstract of the plan which Mr. Mills has adopted. It is obviously the best and most judicious arrangement which he could have chosen; and he has evinced equal ingenuity in the use of his materials. In a theme which constantly borders upon the province of romance, he seems to have been laboriously careful to work rather by authentic illustration than didactic assertion. As may be supposed, the Chronicle of Sir John Froissart is his principal text-book. But he has been able to enrich its ample stores, and to verify its lively pictures, with numerous other authorities. The mere metrical romances of the middle ages he has used only as fair evidence of manners and feelings. It is amusing to perceive how completely he has saturated his diction with the sterling and genuine English of the olden time. In his pages we can almost fancy that we are poring again over the tomes of other days; and we frequently recognise the racy manner and detect the forcible epithets of Lord Berners' version of Froissart. This quaintness of chivalric phrase beseems the subject; and Mr. Mills has here safely imbued his style with a colouring which, any where else, might have borne too much the hue of antiquated conceit.

We are glad to observe, from the opening chapter, a disposition in Mr. Mills to relieve our Anglo-Saxon ancestors from the idle reproach with which it has lately become fashionable to degrade their national character, as if it had been altogether coarse and unimaginative, and destitute of a chivalric spirit. We think, however, he might have insisted, more decidedly and at large than he

has done, upon the traces of chivalric customs, and the influence of chivalric principles in England, before the Norman conquest.

The next chapter, on the Education of the Knight, is a beautiful picture of chivalric manners, and introduces us at once into the interior of the baronial hall. Every feudal lord had his court, to which he drew the sons and daughters of the poorer knighthood of his domain; and his castle was also frequented by the children of men of equal rank with himself. For (such was the modesty and courtesy of chivalry) each knight had generally some brother in arms, whom he thought better fitted than himself to adorn his children with noble accomplishments. The knightly education generally commenced about the age of seven or eight years.

"The duties of the boy for the first seven years of his service were chiefly personal. If sometimes the harsh principles of feudal subordination gave rise to such service, it oftener proceeded from the friendly relations of life; and as in the latter case it was voluntary, there was no loss of honourable consideration in performing it. The dignity of obedience, that principle which blends the various shades of social life, and which had its origin in the patriarchal manners of early Europe, was now fostered in the castles of feudal nobility. The light-footed youth attended the lord and his lady in the hall, and followed them in all their exercises of war and pleasure; and it was considered unknighly for a cavalier to wound a page in battle. He also acquired the rudiments of those incongruous subjects, religion, love, and war, so strangely blended in chivalry; and generally the intellectual and moral education of the boy was given by the ladies of the court.

"From the lips of the ladies the gentle page learned both his catechism and the art of love, and as the religion of the day was full of symbols, and addressed to the senses, so the other feature of his devotion was not to be nourished by abstract contemplation alone. He was directed to regard some one lady of the court as the type of his heart's future mistress; she was the centre of all his hopes and wishes; to her he was obedient, faithful, and courteous."

The military exercises of the page were not many, but they were not neglected. He was taught to leap over trenches, to wield the lance, and to sustain the shield, to engage in mimic combat, and to imitate in his walk the measured tread of the soldier. Thus passed the first few years of initiation; and then the candidate for chivalry adopted his next title,—that of armiger, scutifer, escuyer, or squire. But though these words denoted military attendance, yet his personal domestic service continued for some time. He prepared the refecton in the morning, and then betook himself to his chivalric exercises. At dinner he, as well as the pages, furnished forth and attended at the table, and presented to his lord and his guests the water wherewith they washed their hands before and after the repast. The knight and the squire never sat at the same table, nor was the relation of father and son allowed to destroy the principle of chivalric subordination. Thus, in the days of Edward III., the young English squire carved "before his fader" at the table; and about the same time Froissart records that the sewers and cup-bearers of the Count de Foix were his sons.

"The squire cup-bearer was often as fine and spirited a character as his knight. Once, when Edward the Black Prince was sojourning in Bordeaux, he entertained in his chamber many of his English lords. A squire brought wine

into the room, and the Prince, after he had drank, sent the cup to Sir John Chandos, selecting him as the first in honour, because he was constable of Acquitain. The Knight drank, and by his command the squire bore the cup to the Earl of Oxenford, a vain, weak man, who, unworthy of greatness, was ever seeking for those poor trifles which noble knights overlooked and scorned. Feeling his dignity offended that he had not been treated according to his rank, he refused the cup, and with mocking gesture desired the squire to carry it to his master, Sir John Chandos. "Why so?" replied the youth: "he hath drank already, therefore drink you, since he hath offered it to you. If you will not drink, by Saint George, I will cast the wine in your face." The Earl, judging from the stern and dogged manner of the squire that this was no idle threat, quietly set the cup to his mouth.

"After dinner the squires prepared the chess tables or arranged the hall for minstrelsy and dancing. They participated in all these amusements; and herein the difference between the squire and the mere domestic servant was shown. In strictness of propriety the squire's dress ought to have been brown, or any of those dark colours which our ancestors used to call "*sad*." But the gay spirit of youth was loth to observe this rule.

"Embroudered was he, as it were a mede,
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede."

"His dress was never of the fine texture, nor so highly ornamented as that of the knight. The squires often made the beds of their lords, and the service of the day was concluded by their presenting them with the *vin du coucher*."

The most honourable squire—the senior in years of the youthful train—was he who was attached to the person of his lord, attended him to the field, and displayed his banner in the *mêlée*.

"But whatever were the class of duties to which the candidate for chivalry was attached, he never forgot that he was also the squire of dames. During his course of a valet he had been taught to play with love, and as years advanced, nature became his tutor. Since the knights were bound by oath to defend the feeble sex, so the principle was felt in all its force and spirit by him who aspired to chivalric honours. Hence proceeded the qualities of kindness, gentleness, and courtesy. The minstrels in the castle harped of love as well as of war, and from them (for all young men had not, like Sir Ipomydon, clerks for their tutors) the squire learnt to express his passion in verse. This was an important feature of chivalric education; for among the courtesies of love, the present of books from knights to ladies was not forgotten, and it more often happened than monkish austerity approved of, that a volume, bound in sacred guise, contained, not a series of hymns to the Virgin Mary, but a variety of amatory effusions to a terrestrial mistress. Love was mixed in the mind of the young squire with images of war, and he, therefore, thought that his mistress, like honour, could only be gained through difficulties and dangers; and from this feeling proceeded the romance of his passion. But while no obstacle, except the maiden's disinclination, was in his way, he sang, he danced, he played on musical instruments, and practised all the arts common to all ages and nations to win the fair. In Chaucer, we have a delightful picture of the manners of the squire:—

"Singing he was, or floyting all the day,
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
He could songs make, and well endite,
Just and eke dance, and well pourtraie and write;
So hote he loved, that by nighterdale (night-time)
He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

Martial exercises were blended with his anxieties of love: the attack of the quintain with his lance, feats of strength and activity, and skill in horsemanship.

"Wel could he sit on horse and fair ride,"

is Chaucer's praise of his young squire. He went on military expeditions, too; for though but twenty years old, he had

—— "Sometime been in chevauchée,
In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy;"

and love was also the inspirer of his chivalry; for he

"Bore him well as of so little space,
In hope to stonden in his lady's grace."

Finally, religion had her share of honour in the mind of the squire; for it was the priest who blest his sword, and it was at the altar that he received it.

Such was the education which prepared the aspirant in chivalry for the dearest object of his ambition, the honour of knighthood. The ceremonies of his inauguration into this dignity Mr. Mills has described much at length: first, the bath, the vigil of arms in a church, and the tonsure which figuratively marked the consecration of his martial servitude to God; next the priestly blessing poured upon his blade, and his own oaths to defend the church and assault the wicked, to guard and honour woman, to succour and protect the weak, and to shed the last drop of his blood in behalf of his brethren in arms; then, his homage, kneeling and with clasped hands, to his lord, his arming by the ladies, and the slight blow with the sword, or accolade, from his lord, which sealed his knighthood; and, lastly, his flowing largess to the heralds and minstrels who proclaimed his honour. It was only when the eve of deadly encounter, or the well-foughten battle-field at its close, was the scene of knightly inauguration, that these ceremonies, all but the accolade, yielded to the sterner interest or pressing necessity of the occasion.

The next chapter is on the Equipment of the Knight. We entirely agree with Mr. Mills that never was military costume more splendid and graceful than in the days which are emphatically called "the days of the shield and lance." Modern warfare can present nothing comparable with the bright and glittering scene "of a goodly company of gentle knights, pricking on the plain with nodding plumes, emblazoned shields, gorgeous banners, and silken pennons streaming in the wind, and the scarf, that beautiful token of lady-love, crossing the strong and polished steel cuirass." Our author has described the picture in vivid colours; and he has thrown imaginative beauty even into armorial details which have usually been consigned only to the laborious dulness of small antiquarians.

Mr. Mills gives a spirited delineation of the "chivalric character." We think that the military virtues of knighthood were deficient in two respects:—in patriotism, and in the implicit obedience of soldiership. The genius of chivalry was altogether personal: its adventurous spirit made the tent the only country of the errant chevalier, and had a strong tendency to estrange him from that best duty of defending his native land. Mr. Mills reluctantly

admits that his virtues were not *necessarily* patriotic. It is apparent, too, that the independence and equality which knighthood asserted must have broken the thread of subordination. That it had this effect, is evident, from the preference which we find princes constantly evincing for mercenary and stipendiary troops. Pure knighthood was, in truth, a republic of arms, in which the first principle was a perfect equality of companionship.

The "every-day life of the knight" is too interesting a part of the chivalric character to be passed over in silence; and here Mr. Mills shall speak again for himself.

"These military and moral qualities of knighthood were sustained and nourished by all the circumstances of chivalric life, even those of a peaceful nature. Hunting and falconry, the amusements of the cavalier, were images of war, and he threw over them a grace beyond the power of mere baronial rank. Dames and maidens accompanied him to the sport of hawking, when the merry bugles sounded to field; and it was the pleasing care of every gallant knight to attend on his damsel, and on her bird which was so gallantly bedight; to let the falcon loose at the proper moment, to animate it by his cries, to take from its talons the prey it had seized, to return with it triumphantly to his lady, and, placing the hood on its eyes, to set it again on her hand."—

"To play the game of chess, to hear the minstrel's lays, and read romances, were the principal amusements of the knight when the season and the weather did not permit hawking and hunting. A true knight was a chess-player, and the game was played in every country of chivalry; for as the chivalric states of mid-land Europe obtained a knowledge of it from the Scandinavians, so the southern states acquired it from the Arabs.

"When they had dined, as I you say,
Lords and ladies went to play;
Some to tables, and some to chess,
With other games more and less."—

"The minstrel's lay, the poetry of the Troubadour, the romance of the learned clerk, all spoke of war and love, of the duties and sports of chivalry. Every baronial knight had his gay troop of minstrels that accompanied him to the field, and afterward chaunted in his hall, whether in their own or another's verse, the martial deeds which had renowned his house. A branch of the minstrelsy art consisted of reciting tales; and such persons as practised it were called Jesters."—

"Minstrels played on various musical instruments during dinner, and chaunted or recited their verses and tales afterwards both in the hall and in the chamber to which the barons and knights retired for amusement.—

"A minstrel's lay generally accompanied the wine and spices which concluded the entertainment. Kings and queens had their trains of songsters, and partly from humour and partly from contempt, the head of the band was called King of the Minstrels. But men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses, followed the profession of minstrelsy, and no wonder, if it be true that they gained the guerdon without having encountered the dangers of war; for many a doughty knight complained that the smiles for which he had perilled himself in the battle-field were bestowed upon some idle son of peace at home. The person of a minstrel was sacred, and base and barbarian the man would have been accounted, who did not venerate him that sang the heroic and the tender lay, the magic strains of chivalry, and could shed a romantic lustre over fierce wars and faithful loves."

We must now discharge our duties to the fair by extracting one passage, which describes the character of woman in the eyes of the knight:

"In his mind woman was a being of mystic power: in the forests of Germany her voice had been listened to like that of the spirit of the woods, melodious, so-

lemn, and oracular; and when chivalry was formed into a system, the same idea of something supernaturally powerful in her character threw a shadowy and serious interest over softer feelings, and she was revered as well as loved. While this devotedness of soul to woman's charms appeared in his general intercourse with the sex, in a demeanour of homage, in a grave and stately politeness, his lady-love he regarded with religious constancy. Fickleness would have been a species of impiety, for she was not a toy that he played with, but a divinity whom he worshipped. This adoration of her sustained him through all the perils that lay before his reaching his heart's desire; and loyalty (a word that has lost its pristine and noble meaning) was the choicest quality in the character of the *preux chevalier*.

"It was supported, too, by the state of the world he lived in. He fought the battles of his country and his church, and he travelled to foreign lands as a pilgrim, or a crusader, for such were the calls of his chivalry. To be the first in the charge and the last in the retreat was the counsel which one knight gave to another, on being asked the surest means of winning a lady fair. Love was the crowning grace, the guerdon of his toils, and its gentle influence aided him in discharging the duties of his gallant and solemn profession. The Lady Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Julliers, loved the Lord Eustace Damberticourt for the great nobleness of arms that she had heard reported of him; and her messengers, often carried to him letters of love, whereby her noble paramour was the more hardy in his deeds of arms." "I should have loved him better dead than alive," another damsel exclaimed, on hearing that her knight had survived his honour."

Few parts of Mr. Mills's work are more interesting than his pictures of those high-born dames, the heroines of chivalry, who mingled the fearless spirit of their lords with the gentler virtues of their sex. Among these, the stories of Queen Philippa, of Agnes of March, of the Countess of Mountfort, and of Marzia des Ubaldini, have peculiar attractions. Engaging, also, in an eminent degree, are the brilliant scenes of the joust and tournament, and the imposing array of the religious and military orders of knighthood. We can, however, find room for only one spirited passage from the history of the Spanish order of Calatrava.

"The monastery of Santa Maria de Fetero in Navarre contained a monk named Diego Velasquez, who had spent the morning of his life in arms, but afterwards had changed the mailed frock for a monastic mantle, for in days of chivalry, when religion was the master-spring of action, such conversions were easy and natural. The gloom of a convent was calculated only to repress the martial spirit; but yet the surrounding memorials of military greatness, the armed warrior in stone, the overhanging banner and gauntlet, while they proved the frail nature of earthly happiness, showed what were the subjects wherein men wished for fame beyond the grave. The pomp of the choir-service, the swelling note of exultation in which the victories of the Jews over the enemies of heaven were sung, could not but excite the heart to admiration of chivalric renown, and in moments of enthusiasm many a monk cast his cowl aside, and changed his rosary for the belt of a knight.

"And thus it was with Velasquez. His chivalric spirit was roused by the call of his king, and he lighted a flame of military ardour among his brethren. They implored the superior of the convent to accept the royal proffer; and the King, who was at first astonished at the apparent audacity of the wish, soon recollected that the defence of the fortress of Calatrava could not be achieved by the ordinary exertions of courage, and he then granted it to the Cistercian order, and principally to its station at Santa Maria de Fetero, in Navarre. And the fortress was wisely bestowed; for not only did the bold spirits of the convents keep the Moors at bay in that quarter, but the valour of the friars caused many heroic knights of Spain to join them. To these banded monks and cavaliers the King gave the title of the Religious Fraternity of Calatrava, and Pope Alexander III. accepted their vows of

poverty, obedience, and chastity. The new religious order of knighthood, like that of St. James of Compostella, was a noble bulwark of the Christian kingdom.

"Nothing could be more perfect than the simplicity of the knights of Calatrava. Their dress was formed from the coarsest woollen, and the edges were not like those of many a monk of the time, purfled or ornamented with vair or gris, or other sorts of rich fur. Their diet, too, reproached the usual luxury of the monastery, for the fruits of the earth sustained them. They were silent in the oratory, and the refectory, one voice only reciting the prayers, or reading a legend of battle; but when the first note of the Moorish atabal was heard by the warder on the tower, the convent became a scene of universal uproar. The caparisoning of steeds, and the clashing of armour, broke the repose of the cloister, while the humble figure of the monk was raised into a bold and expanded form of dignity and power. Through all the mighty efforts of the Christians for the recovery of their throne, the firm and dense array of the knights of Calatrava never was tardy in appearing on the field; but the kingdom, as its power and splendour increased, overshadowed the soldiers of every religious order of chivalry." [*Monthly Rev.*]

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Napoleon and the Grand Army in Russia; or, a Critical Examination of the Work of Count Philip de Segur. By General Gourgaud, late Principal Orderly Officer, and Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor Napoleon. 8vo. Martin Bossange & Co. 1825.

THIS work consists of many close columns of fastidious criticism, of frivolous objections obviously penned in a paroxysm of ill humour, of exceptions and denials palpably contradictory. General Gourgaud is well known as having been an active "Orderly Officer" in the staff of Napoleon, and of having followed the fortunes of that great man, even after his "sun of Austerlitz" had ceased to shine propitiously. He is therefore passionately zealous in watching the fame of his master. Not content with protecting him from detraction, he seems equally fearful of commendation, as if he were jealous that it should proceed from any lip or pen but his own.

His "Critical Examination," therefore, is the most finished piece of hypercriticism we ever read. Every sentence, every syllable of the work of the Count de Segur, displeases him. He impugns every fact, he carps at every opinion, he adds an item to, or deducts one from, every summary. The critic sneers at the historian's knowledge of geography in the following manner. He says,

"The geographical knowledge which he (Segur) displays on the occasion is likewise defective when he states, that "all the rivers which in this country (Russia) run in the direction from one pole to another have their eastern bank commanding the western, as Asia commands Europe." Europe, in its northern part forms an elevated plane, of which Moscow may be considered the centre. *Beyond* this capital the slope of the plane has therefore the contrary effect of making the eastern banks of all the rivers in that quarter less elevated than their western banks."

Any other person than General Gourgaud would have remarked that the author does not speak of the country *beyond* Moscow. That is a territory which the Grand Army did not traverse.

Segur says that when Marshal Bessieres on one occasion told the Emperor that a certain position was unassailable, he violently,

and "clasping his hands," exclaimed, "Heavens! are you sure you are right? Is it really so? Can you answer for it?" Even this trifling incident Gourgaud affects to doubt. He remarks: "That theatrical grief, those clasped hands appealing to Heaven, form a striking contrast with the *real* character of Napoleon. The author departs," he adds, "more particularly in this place, from the rule prescribed to historians as well as to poets, of making their personages act and speak according to their received character."

Would the reader credit, that after such observations, in which it is peremptorily denied that violence of passion was a trait in the temper of Napoleon, he might peruse the following from the pen of General Gourgaud himself?

"Marshal Lefebvre announced to him (Napoleon) that some Polish officers had just arrived in the town, and had applied for assistance on the part of Marshal Ney, who was at a few leagues' distance. The Emperor immediately rose, and seizing the officer *by both arms* ejaculated, *with the liveliest emotion*, 'Is that really true? Are you sure of it?' The officer having assured him that he was certain of the fact, his Majesty *exclaimed*, 'I have two hundred millions in my cellars at the Tuileries, and I would have given them all to ensure Ney's safety.'"

Had Count de Segur been the relater of this anecdote there can be little doubt but that his acrimonious critic would have pronounced it a poetical fiction. It is notorious that Napoleon was subject to sudden bursts of passion, of joy as well as anger: but probably it was presumption in the "*Maréchal-des-logis*" to allude to them. It was a trait in the Emperor's character which his "*Principal Orderly Officer*" alone was competent to pourtray.

Gourgaud's work consists chiefly of objections such as these, and the most important of which are supported by the *ipse dixit* of the writer alone. The excitation which the work has produced in Paris is not surprising; but, upon the whole, it contains very little to invalidate the testimony of M. de Segur, or detract from his merit as an able and accomplished writer.

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A Critical Enquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville. By George Coventry. 8vo. pp. 382. Woodfall. 1825.

THERE are no questions, that more strongly illustrate the intermixture of fallibility and of penetration in our reasoning faculty, than those which depend for their decision upon circumstantial evidence. Proof of that description is more apt than any other, to bear down those habits of distrust with which experience teaches us to receive such testimony, as is valuable only in proportion to the credibility of the witness. A few striking facts, when they seem to result from the same cause, or to lead to the same purpose, operate on the mind so instantaneously, that we feel conviction fre-

quently without being able to justify, or explain, the reasons upon which it is founded. One or two minute circumstances, which, to our limited vision, appear to coincide, shall exercise a more powerful dominion over the intellect, than the most elaborate chain of argument, although, in point of truth, they might have been produced by combinations widely different from each other. We seldom allow ourselves to consider that it is the constant sport of nature to throw out analogies and resemblances. How often does she gratify her caprice, for instance, with those exact similitudes between one man and another, those amusing plagiarisms from herself, which have given birth to as much perplexity in the tragicomedy of real life, as the Antipholises of Ephesus and of Syracuse in the mimic scene of the theatre!

Many are the problems which have led the reasoning power of man a long dance of error. Of these the French *Causes Célèbres* furnish us with several extraordinary instances. Witness also the Douglas cause, and the question of the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots, which, notwithstanding that Andrew Stewart and Whitaker expended upon it the full force of their acute intellects, will, perhaps, never be settled upon any basis stronger than that of plausible conjecture.

Since the appearance of the first of that series of powerful invectives, written under the signature of Junius, the question, "Who was the real author of those letters?" has excited intense curiosity. We always thought that, whoever he might have been, he and his family, to the latest of its generations, must have felt, and continue to feel, the utmost anxiety for the impenetrability of his concealment. As a public writer, he unquestionably served his country. In times pregnant with danger to the constitution he revived the ancient intrepidity of the English character, and by his fiery eloquence taught the people how to estimate and guard their rights. He gave a tone to the public press, which, happily, it still preserves, of manly resistance to every measure calculated in the least degree, to affect the freedom of the actual commonwealth which flourishes under the shade of our monarchy. But as a private individual, Junius made himself a sacrifice to these objects. He must have had many things to answer for to his honour, and, perhaps, to his consistency. Among his friends and acquaintances he wore a mask, which enabled him to betray or attack them with matchless arms, if at any time they gave occasion for his resentment. His personal professions and conduct would perhaps have been frequently found in contradiction to those of Junius, an inconsistency which must have cost him many a severe pang, if he was, as undoubtedly he appears to have been, a man of delicate feelings. But if, in the course of the irritations and inquiries to which the violence of Junius gave birth, the question, "Are you the author?" happened to have been put to the real person, and if, relying on the darkness of his disguise, he reconciled it to his honour to answer by a *lie*,—then, who, we ask, would be Junius? Who would

think that literary renown, even if it promised immortality, could wipe out the foul stain of falsehood, that must accompany that name, and be worn with it to the remotest ages?

Who then *was* Junius? We have read at different times the whole of the voluminous controversy upon this literary mystery, and we do not hesitate to say, that the greater number of the persons to whom his letters have been attributed, were incapable of writing even one of them. Perhaps an exception might be made in favour of Gibbon and Wilkes, but certainly neither of these was Junius. Sir Philip Francis disclaimed the imputation as a libel on his character. Mr. Coventry, in the work before us, endeavours to fix it on Lord George Sackville.

No one, he justly contends, has any pretension to the authorship of Junius, of whom the following testimonials cannot be produced:

- "1. That he was an Englishman.
- "2. That he was a man of rank, and of independent fortune.
- "3. That he was a man of highly cultivated talents, and of superior education; that he had successfully studied the language, the law, the constitution, and the history of his native country; but that he was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman.
- "4. That he either was, at the time of writing the Letters, or had previously been, in the army, is evident from *his practical knowledge of military affairs*.
- "5. That he moved in the immediate circle of the court.
- "6. That he was a member of the established church.
- "7. That he was a member of the House of Commons.
- "8. That from the early information Junius obtained on government affairs, it is evident he was connected with some persons in administration.
- "9. That he was a firm friend to Sir Jeffery [afterwards Lord] Amherst.
- "10. That he was a friend to Colonel Cunningham.
- "11. That he was an admirer of Mr. Grenville.
- "12. That he was a strong advocate for the Stamp-Act in America.
- "13. That he was in favour of repealing the duty on tea in America.
- "14. That he was an advocate for triennial parliaments.
- "15. That he considered the impeachment of Lord Mansfield as indispensable.
- "16. That from the manner in which he upholds rotten boroughs, it is highly probable they either constituted part of his property, or that he was in some way connected with them.
- "17. That he considered a strict regard should be paid to the public expenditure, that the national debt might not be increased.
- "18. That he was against disbanding the army, although a firm friend to the marching regiments; he was also in favour of impressing seamen.
- "19. That he must have had an antipathy to Sir Fletcher Norton, the Speaker of the House of Commons, from the contempt with which he speaks of him.
- "20. That he was necessarily a friend to his printer, Mr. Woodfall.
- "21. That he must have resided almost wholly in London, from his correspondence with Mr. Woodfall, to whom he gives notice when he occasionally goes into the country. One of his letters being dated Pall-Mall, we may fairly presume his town-house was in that street.
- "22. That from his remembrance of the Walpolean battles, his seeing the Jesuitical books burnt in Paris, and his avowal of a long experience of the world, as well as from other circumstances mentioned in his correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, he could not be less than fifty years of age at the time of writing these Letters.
- "23. That from the hints given to his printer, Mr. Woodfall, we may infer arrangements had been made for his coming into office; which though not accepted by him at the time, were sufficiently important to induce him to write no more.
- "24. Finally, that so powerful an attack on the *private character* of persons of such high rank being inconsistent with the pen of political writers, in general, who condemn measures, and not character, we may reasonably conclude, that they proceeded from the pen of one who had received a severe wound from some of those individuals who formed part of the existing administration."

Lord George Sackville is shown to have possessed all these qualifications.

We have often heard that, in his lifetime, his Lordship was suspected of being Junius. Sir William Draper at first divided his suspicions between Lord George and Mr. Burke. Upon receiving an unequivocal denial from the latter, he transferred them wholly to Lord George. The motives which might have influenced a man of such high station, and great intellectual endowments as his lordship, to occupy his pen for more than four years, in one continued strain of personal invective, may be traced to the unfortunate prosecution for his conduct at Minden. The parties who promoted that prosecution, were also accessory to his dismissal from office in 1766. Cumberland, indeed, in his *Memoirs*, tells us, that not many days before his death, Lord Sackville told him, *by way of jest*, that he was among the suspected authors. "I did not want him to disavow it," he continues; "for there could be no occasion to disprove an impossibility." It is much to be lamented that, in those solemn moments which preceded that nobleman's dissolution, Cumberland did not ask him to disavow it. But it is a remarkable circumstance, that a dying man should voluntarily introduce a subject, which he had never before mentioned to his friend during a long and intimate acquaintance. As to the impossibility of his having been Junius, we are by no means disposed to agree with Cumberland.

Undoubtedly the court-martial held upon Lord George Sackville, preceded as it was by the most unmanly persecution, the sentence, and the severity of the public orders which confirmed it, would account for the bitter hatred which he bore against the king, in whose reign he suffered those disgraces; and an infirmity common to men of vehement feelings will account for his transferring to George the Third, some part of the rancour which he felt towards that monarch's grandfather. It is well known, also, that Lord Mansfield was the secret adviser of both, in all matters of state-accusation. Lord Mansfield is the subject of Junius's most unsparing hatred. The Duke of Grafton, who is pursued in the letters with the most implacable animosity, was the brother of Colonel Fitzroy, the strongest witness against Lord George on the court-martial.

One circumstance is somewhat important:—the strong anxiety expressed by that nobleman a few days before his death to see Lord Mansfield. In the interview which took place in the presence of Cumberland, he solicited Lord Mansfield's forgiveness, if ever, *in the fluctuations of politics, or the heats of party*, he had appeared in his eyes, at any moment of his life, unjust to his (Lord Mansfield's) great merits, or forgetful of his many favours.

As to the Duke of Bedford, who in one of the letters is hunted down with an almost savage rancour by Junius, the compliment must be paid to the head rather than the heart of Lord George Sackville, if he were, indeed, the author of it. For what had the

Duke done to incur such merciless severity? He had accepted an appointment (the deputy-rangership of Phœnix-Park) from which Lord George had been prematurely dismissed, before his conduct in Germany had been fairly tried before a court-martial.

It is a very remarkable coincidence, that Junius does not spare one character, nor one family, who had any share in the disgrace of Lord George Sackville; and it is particularly worthy of notice, that nearly all the parties, upon whom he poured the phials of his indignation, were military characters, or in some way or other connected with the army. The severity of the sentence of the court-martial was aggravated tenfold by the confirmation of the King:

“‘It is his Majesty’s pleasure that the above sentence be given out in public orders, that officers, being convinced that neither high birth nor great employments can shelter offences of such a nature, and that seeing they are subject to censures much worse than death, to a man who has any sense of honour, they may avoid the fatal consequences arising from disobedience of orders.’”

Lord George, who conducted his own defence, and had, as he thought, completely refuted the charge, seemed to have been fully convinced, by this violent sentence, that there was a secret intrigue in the cabinet to destroy him. His name was erased from the list of privy counsellors, he was stripped of all his emoluments, and declared incapable of serving his Majesty in any military capacity whatsoever. Lord Barrington, of the War-Office, had written to him a letter, signifying his dismissal as lieutenant-general and colonel of dragoon guards. The places which he held were given to the very persons, who had afforded evidence against him on the court-martial. The Marquis of Granby was made Commander-in-Chief, and Master-General of the Ordnance; Colonel Fitzroy was appointed aid-de-camp to the King, and one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. Lord Barrington is conspicuous among the victims of Junius. The Marquis of Granby, who seems to have had no other enemy, is also one of the first objects of Junius’s animadversions. The letter to that noblemen was frequently, at the time, attributed to Lord George.

A most important circumstance in this controversy is the attack upon Lord Townshend. Junius imputes cowardice to him at the battle of Minden, from the mere fact of his shedding tears at the death of a soldier, who was killed near the spot where he stood. “No one,” says Junius with bitter irony, “that I know of can suppose those tears shed from that depression of spirits, which the extremity of fear sometimes produces, and which finds some ease from an involuntary overflow at the eyes.” Yet the courage of Lord Townshend was never before disputed. Some private offence must have been given; and the following fact deserves attention. Lord Townshend (who had once been on friendly terms with Lord George Sackville) had an ingenious turn for drawing; and having joined with the party by whom Lord George was disgraced, he caricatured him in the act of flying from Minden. If,

therefore, Lord George Sackville wrote the letters signed Junius, his attack on Lord Townshend was a natural retaliation for the unfeeling triumph of the latter over a fallen friend. In another of his letters, Junius makes a direct allusion to Lord Townshend's taste for caricature, and ironically suggests several political characters as subjects for his pencil.

A strongly marked contempt for the Scotch pervades all the letters of Junius. In letter xli. he says, "I own I am not apt to confide in the professions of gentlemen of that country; and when they smile, I feel an involuntary motion to guard myself against mischief." Lord George detested Scotland. More than one half of the officers on his court-martial were of that nation. In 1759, a letter to Lord George Sackville, on his conduct at Minden, was printed at Edinburgh. In vigour of style and dexterity of invective, it hardly falls below Junius, and, indeed, seems to have been the model of his style. Lord George wrote a pamphlet in answer, and *employed Woodfall to print it.*

One of the tests laid down by our author is, that Junius was a man of rank and fortune. In a letter dated April 12, 1769, he says, "You, I think, Sir, may be satisfied that *my rank and fortune* place me above a common bribe." In his private notes to Woodfall, he constantly disclaims all pecuniary views, assures him of being reimbursed for the costs of his prosecution, and tells him that, "in point of money, he shall never suffer." In one of his miscellaneous letters, he points to the then state of things, as creating a necessity for a prudent man's selling out of the funds, in which he hints the "*greatest part of his property to have been invested.*" It is worthy of remark, that about that time Lord George sold property out of the funds, and became the purchaser of Bolebrook, an estate contiguous to that of Buckhurst, the family property.

That Junius was a man of talent and education; that he had studied the law and constitution of his country, without being a practising lawyer, there can be little doubt. A great number of military phrases and illustrations are extracted from the letters, to show that Junius must have been in the army: this might seem to be minute reasoning, from which no conclusive inference can be derived, but we confess that we can hardly think so. Metaphors deduced from military operations, though common to all writers, are by none used in so much abundance, or with such marked propriety, as by Junius. Besides, many observations relative to the army, and much of that anxiety about military promotions, which a military man only would feel, seem to have escaped from him in many of his letters. Sometimes he appeals for confirmation of his argument to *military men only*, as a matter exclusively within their knowledge. "*I shall leave it,*" he says, in one of his letters, "*to military men, who have seen a service more active than the parade, to determine whether or no I speak the truth.*"

"Would a lawyer?" asks Mr. Coventry, "would a clergyman? would any private gentleman? or any political writer, concern himself about a disturbance among a few officers at the Horse-Guards? No,—but Junius would;—his conduct at Minden had been severely censured by three officers belonging to this corps, which is confirmed by his allusion again to the subject. Nov. 15, 1769: 'And leave it to them to determine, whether *I am moved by a personal malevolence to three private gentlemen, or merely by a hope of perplexing the ministry.*'"

Junius appears to have been a liberal Christian. The speech of Lord Viscount Sackville on the clerical petition, laid before the House of Commons, 6th Feb. 1772, breathes the most enlightened sentiments of religious toleration, clothed in language not unworthy of Junius. It should seem, that Junius was a member of the House of Commons. Certain expressions, that occasionally escape him, could only have proceeded from some person *within* the House. To Sir William Blackstone he says, in allusion to Mr. Grenville's conduct, "He could not possibly *come* prepared to traduce your integrity to the House." "He *came* armed." In a letter, dated May, 1770, observing on a decision of the Speaker, he says, "*We* were not surprised at the decision." Sir Fletcher Norton, who was then the Speaker, was on all occasions vehemently opposed by Lord George Sackville. Many similar expressions are scattered over the letters.

Both Junius and Lord George Sackville were firm friends to Sir Jeffery Amherst and to Colonel Cunninghame. Junius was a warm admirer of Mr. Grenville; so was Lord George,—and both were strong advocates for the Stamp-Act of that minister. Junius was in favour of triennial parliaments: Lord George voted on Mr. Alderman Sawbridge's annual motions in support of them. Junius, in his letters, and Lord George, in the House, contended for the necessity of impeaching Lord Mansfield. Junius upholds rotten boroughs: Lord George sat in Parliament many years for his own borough of East Grinstead. Horace Walpole tells us that Lord George Sackville detested the Guards: "The Horse-Guards was an eye-sore to him every time he walked that way." Junius bestows several pages upon a mere squabble among their officers, and, as we have seen, half confesses that he had a personal pique against three of them. He preferred the marching regiments. "The pretorian bands," he says, in a passage of great energy, "enervated and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they flew to Rome and gave away the empire." Junius was strongly against the disbanding of the army. He says to Wilkes, who strongly urged it, "If a wiser man than you held such language, I should be apt to doubt his sincerity." Lord George spoke with great animation to the same effect on the 9th December, 1772. Both Junius and Lord George were strongly disposed to befriend Woodfall. When Horne Tooke was brought before the House for a libel on the Speaker, and Woodfall for printing it, Lord George Sackville was the only member who addressed the House in behalf of the printer. Junius inadvertently

dates one of his private letters to Woodfall from Pall-Mall. Lord George resided in that street for many years, and occupied the house lately inhabited by Mr. Angerstein. Mr. Coventry states, that, after the most diligent inquiry, he was unable to discover a copy of the pamphlet which Lord George wrote in answer to the letter from Edinburgh. It would have been desirable, if he had had an opportunity, of comparing the style of that production with the letters of Junius. There is certainly a strong resemblance, both in thought and diction, between those terse and pointed compositions, and several of the speeches which Lord George is reported to have delivered in the House of Commons. Of this the reader may be convinced if he will take the trouble to compare them. It was said of his Lordship, in one of the periodical publications of his day, that "he had the art of painting in words to a very eminent degree, and which afforded the finest ornaments in either poetry, history, or elocution." This description applies with equal force to Junius. There are two incidents, mentioned by Mr. Coventry, which deserve attention. On the 8th of November, 1771, Junius wrote a private note to Woodfall, conveying this caution: "Beware of David Garrick: he was sent to pump you, and went directly to *Richmond* to tell the King I should write no more." Two days after this, Junius addressed the following letter to "Mr. David Garrick:"

"November 10, 1771.

"I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so basily sent to *Richmond*, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. *I knew every particular of it the next day.* Now mark me, vagabond—keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with—Junius."

How did Junius acquire this "information," and so speedily too? Lord George Sackville might possibly have obtained it: at that time he occupied a house which overlooked the King's old palace,* near *Richmond Green*: he might easily have observed the arrivals at the palace; and his friend, Colonel *Amberst*, who was then one of the King's aid-de-camps, might have inquired for him: the motive of *Garrick's* visit to the King. These are doubtless all mere possibilities, and may perhaps be delusive. But let us come to the second incident, which is not a little extraordinary.

"A few days after Junius's violent letter to the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Woodfall received a most extraordinary letter from his correspondent, wherein he says, '*I really doubt whether I shall write any more under this signature.* I am weary of attacking a set of brutes whose writings are too dull to furnish me even with the materials of contention, and whose measures are too gross and direct to be the subject of argument, or to require illustration.'

"That *Swinney* is a wretched, but a dangerous fool. He had the impudence to go to Lord George Sackville, whom he had never spoken to, and to ask him whether or no he was the author of Junius:—take care of him."

* It no longer exists: it was taken down several years ago.

The inferences from this letter are cogent. How could *Junius* know that Swinney had called upon *Lord George Sackville*? that Swinney had never spoken to his Lordship before? Why should *Junius* think of altering his signature? If Swinney had committed a mistake in calling on the wrong person, ought not *Junius* to have rejoiced at it, instead of being angry with him? Why does *Junius* cautiously abstain from stating Lord George's answer to Swinney? If he had condescended to give him one, it must have been in the negative, and *Junius*, perhaps, did not like to leave upon record his own ignominy. At all events, it seems difficult to deny, that this letter is demonstrative of some connexion between the two characters, or to doubt that it is just such a letter as Lord George Sackville would have written if he had been *Junius*.

The letter adds, "Whenever you have any thing to communicate to me, let the hint be thus: C at the usual place; and so direct to Mr. John Fretley, where it is absolutely impossible I should be known." It appears from this, that *Junius* changed his confidential direction in consequence of Swinney's call on Lord George Sackville. These are, we must admit, striking circumstances in favour of Mr. Coventry's conclusions. [Monthly Review.

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

Remains of the late Reverend Charles Wolfe, A.B., Curate of Donoughmore, Diocese of Armagh, with a brief Memoir of his Life. By the Reverend John A. Russell, M.A. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s. Boards. Watson, Dublin; and Hamilton, London. 1825.

THE Reverend Charles Wolfe was an amiable man, a curate in the north of Ireland. He possessed some talents, which, as usual in small literary coteries, were considered by his friends as very remarkable. His existence, most probably, would never have been heard of in this country, but for a passage in Captain Medwin's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, in which the poet is represented as speaking in terms of high praise of an ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore. "I consider it," said his lordship, "little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth," and he then read the lines with great animation. Neither Lord Byron or any of his friends, it appears, knew at that time by whom the ode was written. It was soon after successfully claimed for the author of these Remains, and the discussions to which it gave rise, drew his name from its obscurity.

This circumstance prompted the publication of all the loose papers which he left behind, of course with a memoir by some kind friend. The life of sedentary and retiring men of genius rarely supplies any thing for the biographer. Wolfe was born in 1791; was bred at Winchester; entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1809;

distinguished himself there by obtaining a scholarship, and other collegiate honours; graduated in 1814; became a country curate; exerted himself usefully and honourably in his sacred profession; and died of a consumption in February, 1823. The papers here collected consist of a volume of sermons, which are not in any respect remarkable above the usual run of such compositions, and never could have been intended for the public eye; some letters, useful to no one but the owner; a few mediocre prose pieces, and a dozen copies of verses, of which the lines on the death of Sir John Moore are by far the best. As the latter have been frequently printed with gross inaccuracy, we subjoin them in their authentic form:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell-shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him.

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

"We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

"But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We car'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!"

It is impossible not to think of Horace:

"—— *Emendata videri,
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror;
Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum et
Si verus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
Injuste totum ducit venditque poema.*"

It is, however, hardly fair, nor, indeed, would it be worth while, to criticise, minutely, volumes published under such circumstances.

We would rather direct our attention to whatever is really meritorious in the work.

The following song, written to the touching and beautiful Irish air of Gramachree, appears to us exquisitely tender. Mr. Russel thinks it is impossible to read them without tears. Let the reader judge.

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

"And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!

"If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

"I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!"

The following is of a sprightlier mood. It is in the difficult metre of the Lines on Sir John Moore, the management of which Mr. Wolfe appears to have perfectly possessed.

"Oh my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

"I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it forever bereft me.

"I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
Yet, how from the thought to sever?—
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember forever.

"Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,—
The elegant form that haunts me;
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

"Let me not hear the Nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted;—
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth,
Has left me no music beside it.

"Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her;
Yet, it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm—warm heart I adore her."

There is a great deal of good sense in Mr. Wolfe's remarks upon religious poetry.

"* * * * * The poems upon which you desire my opinion seem to be the production of a truly spiritual mind, a mind deeply exercised in experimental religion, which sees every object through a pure and holy medium, and turns every thing it contemplates into devotion. But their very excellence, in this respect, seems, in the present instance, to constitute their leading defect. Their object, if I understand it aright, is to make popular music a channel by which religious feeling may be diffused through society; and thus, at the same time, to redeem the national music from the profaneness and licentiousness to which it has been prostituted. As to the first object: the natural language of a spiritual man, which would remind one of the like spirit of much of his internal experience, would be not only uninteresting, but absolutely unintelligible to the generality of mankind. He speaks of hopes and fears, of pleasures and pains, which they could only comprehend by having previously felt them.

"You remember that it is said of the 'new song that was sung before the throne' that no man could learn that song, save those that were redeemed from the earth; and, therefore, it often happens, that those who best understand that music, are more intelligible to heavenly than earthly beings: they are often better understood by angels than by men. The high degree of spirituality which they have often attained renders it not only painful but impossible to accommodate themselves to the ordinary feelings of mankind. They cannot stoop even though it be to conquer. To the world, their effusions are in an unknown language. In fact, they often take for granted the very work to be done: they presuppose that communion of feeling and unity of spirit between themselves and the world, which it is their primary object to produce; and when they do not produce this effect, they may even do mischief; for the spontaneous language of a religious mind is (generally speaking) revolting to the great mass of society; they shrink from it, as they do from the Bible.

"Just consider all the caution, the judgment, and the skill requisite in order to introduce religion profitably into general conversation, and then you may conceive what will be the fate of a song, to which a man has recourse for amusement, and which he expects will appeal to his feelings, when he finds it employed on a subject to which he has not learnt to attach any idea of pleasure, and which speaks to feelings he never experienced. It is on this account I conceive that a song intended to make religion popular should not be entirely of a religious cast, that it should take in as wide a range as any other song, should appeal to every passion and feeling of our nature not in itself sinful, should employ all the scenery, the imagery and circumstance of the songs of this world, while religion should be indirectly introduced, or delicately insinuated. I think we shall come to the same conclusion, if we consider the reformation of the national music as the primary object. The predominant feelings excited and expressed by our national airs, however exquisitely delightful, are manifestly human; and it is evident that in order to do them justice we must follow the prevailing tone. The strain and groundwork of the words can hardly be spiritual; but a gleam of religion might be, every now and then, tastefully admitted, with the happiest effect. But indeed it appears so difficult, that in the whole range of poetry there does not occur to me at present an instance in which it has been successfully executed. The only* piece which I now recollect as at all exemplifying my meaning is Cowper's 'Alexander Selkirk,' beginning, 'I am monarch of all I survey,' which I believe has

* "The author probably would have also instanced the beautiful Scotch ballad, 'I'm wearing awa', John,' if it had occurred to his memory."—*Ed.*

never been set to music. It is not professedly religious; nay, the situation, the sentiments and the feelings are such as the commonest reader can, at once, conceive to be his own. It needs neither a spiritual man, nor a poet, nor a man of taste, or of education, to enter into immediate sympathy with him: it is not until the fourth stanza (after he has taken possession of his reader) that he introduces a religious sentiment, to which, however, he had been gradually ascending; and even then accompanies and recommends it with what may, perhaps, be called the romantic and picturesque of religion,—‘the sound of the church-going bell,’ &c. He then appears to desert the subject altogether, and only returns to it (as it were) accidentally, but, with what beauty and effect in the last four lines.”

In the course of the volume we are informed that Mr. Wolfe was a distinguished member of the Historical Society,—a debating club in Trinity College, Dublin, which has been suppressed since his time. It was an institution of very questionable utility, as the style of poetry, eloquence, and essay-composition, which was most successful in it, exhibited all the characters of the most vitiated taste. Mr. Wolfe had the honour of opening one of its sessions with a speech from the chair. Fragments of that oration are injudiciously inserted in this collection.

The “Prayer to Sleep” which, as Mr. Russell remarks, was erroneously attributed, in Blackwood’s Magazine, to the author of the Lines on Sir John Moore, is really by Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, and is contained in the second volume of his poems, lately collected. It is odd that such a mistake should have been made. [*Ibid.*]

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

Matilda; a Tale of the Day. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. pp. 379.
Colburn. 1825.

IT has been much the fashion, of late years, to ascribe anonymous novels to persons moving in the higher ranks of life. Thus “Tremaine” has been imputed to several noblemen, without being as yet owned by any body; thus, too, ‘Matilda’ has already glittered under four or five distinguished names, though it seems to be pretty generally agreed that the author is Lord Normanby. There is not a principle, not a sentiment, not even perhaps a line, in the book, which any man need blush to acknowledge. As a literary composition it is evidently the work of an enlightened, liberal, and accomplished mind,—as a story, it is fraught with the deepest interest, and at the same time forms one of the most eloquent lessons of morality that we have ever perused. If the narrative be founded on fact, as the author more than once declares it to be, the effect which it is calculated to produce on society is of the greatest importance. The pictures which it presents of English fashionable life, both as it exists at home and on the Continent, are manifestly copied from nature, and are executed with great vigour and beauty. Perhaps there is a want of keeping in the grouping and colouring, so to speak, which has arisen from an anxiety on the part of the

author to introduce variety and contrasts into his scenes. But the charm and the value of the work consist in the masterly description, which it exhibits of the fatal progress and issue of a passion, innocent in its commencement, frustrated in its progress, revived under circumstances which ought to have prevailed on both parties to check their feelings, till at last it overwhelmed their sense of duty, and with guilt brought upon them the most exquisite misery.

Augustus Arlingford formed an attachment in early life for Lady Matilda Delaval, which she fully returned. Equal in family, though she was his superior in fortune, they were not, however, destined to be married. During a temporary absence of Arlingford from England, his conduct was foully misrepresented to her: his circumstances were described to her as ruinous; and in an evil hour, through the persuasion of interested friends, she became the wife of Sir James Dornton, a partner every way unsuitable for her. Some time after her marriage, Arlingford, by the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the title and estates of Lord Ormsby, but he found in them no consolation for the loss of Matilda. He returned to England, and accidentally met her, for the first time, at a dinner-party. It was a severe trial to both: but they were too conversant with the usage of the world to allow their feelings to be observed; and Matilda was still too virtuous not to use all the means in her power in order to suppress the recollections of her earliest affection. A vague consciousness that he was not utterly indifferent to her, notwithstanding the change in her situation, found admission to the breast of Ormsby, but he had as yet no desire to try it by any severer test, and retired to his seat in the country.

At this part of the narrative the family of the Hobsons, related to Sir James, are introduced on the stage. These *nouveaux riches* are extremely tiresome; and though the caricature which the author draws of them is bold, and often amusing, yet we think that, upon the whole, it tends rather to deform than improve the picture. One feels oppressed with a sense of pain, in seeing these assuming persons intruding so often upon the repose of scenes, which, without their presence, would have produced only impressions of unqualified delight. With this disagreeable family it is Lady Matilda's fate to take a journey to the Continent. At Geneva she meets two of the beloved friends of her childhood in Lady Ormsby, the mother of Augustus, and in Emily, his sister. Here, too, unhappily for her peace, she encounters another of her early companions. But this meeting is too forcibly depicted to be given in any other words than those of the author.

"It was not yet mid-day when an English travelling carriage, that seemed 'stained with the variation of each soil,' marking that its inmate had not lingered by the way, turned out of the main road down the lane which led to the campagne on the lake; and after a handsome head in travelling cap had several times been thrust through the window, as if making inquiries, the postillions finally stopped at the gate of Lady Ormsby's villa. The traveller jumped out, and was at the inner door before he was met by old Wilson the house-steward, who, after giving him a lengthened stare, exclaimed, "My Lord! well, to be sure—to think of your

coming upon us all like a little impromptu, as I may say!" for in his residence abroad, Wilson too had acquired a little foreign garnish to his tongue. Then altering his tone he added, "But nothing's happened amiss, I hope!"

"No, nothing at all, Wilson," said Lord Ormsby, "only that I got away sooner than I expected,—that's all. But where's my mother?"

"Why, her ladyship is just stepped out for a little promenade, I believe, but if you will wait in here, I will fetch her myself." To this Lord Ormsby consented, as he did not wish to have the family meeting under the restraint of a public walk—which was what he perhaps understood by Wilson's "promenade." He was left therefore to himself in the sitting room, which opened into the conservatory.

"What a happy life," thought he, as he first admired the room itself, and then the thousand little comforts with which its present mistress had adorned it. "Never idle, either of them, I'm sure," he continued, as his eye wandered among various symptoms of elegant occupation, and at last rested on the instrument—on the desk of which he was somewhat startled at recognising, in a well-known hand-writing, 'Matilda Delaval,' marked on the first leaf of his favourite '*Ombra adorata*.'

"Full well he recollected the night at Ormsby Castle when she had thus marked that paper, and which had at the time drawn from him a remark upon her thinking it necessary thus to appropriate that which she had every way identified with herself. "Could she then be thus near to him? Was it possible that on the very spot where he was then standing, she had been lately delighting his own family, with those tones to which he had never listened without rapture?—No, he persuaded himself that these were all vain illusions, the offspring of a heated imagination; and that a much more natural explanation was, that, like those little relics he had found at Ormsby, the music had formerly been left there, and that his sister had now been practising it."

"He had nearly convinced himself that this must be the case, when he accidentally took up from another table a sketch-book, with a pencil, whose touch he well knew, left between the leaves, at a half finished view from the very windows of the apartment where he was seated. There could be no mistake here. 'Her pencil was always left in the book.' This was apparently so trifling a circumstance, that none but a lover's recollection could have retained it as characteristic: but the view spoke for itself; and, as he took it to the window, and devoured it with his eyes, 'she is then actually at Geneva,' exclaimed he.

"That he was not more surprised at the discovery, was what he could not account for. He had never owned to himself that the possibility of such a chance had had the least effect in determining him upon this foreign expedition; whilst it was so very natural he should be desirous to see his mother and sister, that that reason alone was quite satisfactory to one never rigid in self-examination of the motives of every action to which he felt inclined.

"Whilst still gazing on the sketch which he held in his hand, he was roused by a gentle tap at the farther window, by which the garden entrance passed which led through the conservatory into the room;—and turning round, he caught the last glimpse of a female form entering at the glass-door. Almost at the same moment, a well-known voice exclaimed, whilst passing the conservatory, 'My dear Emily, Sir James is gone to Chamouni, and I can stay!'—and the next moment Matilda stood in amazement before him.

"That moment was one made up of the purest inspiration of feeling, and was as little amenable to the dictates of preconcerted prudence, as the effusions of gifted genius are to the dogmas of art.

"Augustus!" escaped from her lips, in a tone which thrilled the heart's core of Ormsby, and created an oblivion of all things present and past, save only the delights of that happy time when it was 'familiar to him as a household word,' even from her lips. With her, too, the exclamation had arisen from a momentary self-oblivion. But instead of perpetuating, it caused it in an instant to pass away. Her feelings since her marriage had been so severely disciplined, and under such constant control, that with a single effort she recovered the appearance of composure. Not that the impression was transient,—that it bounded lightly off,—that it was no longer retained when no longer shown; but as a rock, if dashed on the calm still lake before them, would with its first shock only cause outward agitation; and whilst it sunk deeper and deeper within, and was imbedded forever in the bosom of the waters, stillness would again have settled on their surface,—even

so, Matilda conquered all external emotion, at a meeting which was not however without influence on her after-fate.

"With perfect calmness she began questioning Ormsby as to his unexpected arrival. But his feelings were much less tractable,—excited as they had been, not only by the exclamation of Matilda, but by the momentary expression of her lovely face, glowing with matchless sensibility. It had seemed to him like the transient glimpse of another and a better world. In vain he tried to force himself into common topics,—to account for his being there,—to stammer out a common-place compliment on meeting her,—to bestow some hackneyed praise on her drawing, which he still held in his hand. At last he exclaimed, 'It's all in vain,—I may form resolutions in solitude, in a crowd I may maintain them; but in a meeting like this I can but be—myself! Pardon this language,—this unwarrantable, but involuntary, trespass on your tranquillity. Pity and forget me! then pressing her hand for an instant to his lips, he rushed into the garden.

"It had been a scene of such bewildering emotion, such unexpected interest,—previously so utterly unforeseen,—so rapid in its development,—so abrupt in its termination,—that Matilda, wandering unconsciously forth, and finding herself again in her carriage, felt, when first roused by the servant inquiring for orders, like one awakened from the confusion of a dream; but as hastily replying, 'Home, home,' she threw herself back in the carriage, every thing that had passed recurred in all the agitating consciousness of reality, and her feelings now burst forth with a vehemence redoubled by previous restraint."

The concealment of this interview from all her friends is the first false step taken by Matilda. She felt dissatisfied with herself for it, although her only motive was to spare the feelings of Ormsby. The worst effect of it was, that it accustomed her mind to associate his image with the necessity of disguise. At Milan they meet again: but it is not until they arrive in Rome, that accidental circumstances place them so near each other as to endanger the hitherto unsullied innocence of Matilda. Sir James, yielding to a fit of that irascibility, which our countrymen are so fond of displaying abroad, picked a quarrel with a Roman tradesman, which might have been fatal to his life, had he not been defended by Ormsby, who happened to be in the shop. In the affray, Ormsby was desperately wounded: he was afterwards taken to Sir James's residence, and placed under the care of Matilda! Many weeks elapsed before his bodily recovery was effected: but, in the mean time, the disease of his mind, as might be expected, was fully communicated to that of Matilda. Her husband had not as yet conceived any suspicions as to the real state of her heart. An excursion was fixed for the Pamphyli Doria gardens by Sir James and the Hobsons: Lady Matilda having been detained at the sculptor's, sitting for her bust, Ormsby was appointed to call for her.

"To this Ormsby could not consent more readily than did the Baronet: and Matilda, being already from home, was not a party consulted. When Ormsby alone, therefore, attended her at the sculptor's, she certainly did not think it necessary to volunteer any fictitious objection to an arrangement in which her opinion had never been asked. To the Pamphyli Doria therefore they went, and there they were left long to loiter alone on this, the last day which remained to them of that unrestrained intercourse in which circumstances had recently permitted them to indulge.

"The time and place seemed not only peculiarly to harmonize with the state of their mutual feelings, but to be even emblematical of the deceitful dangers of their relative situation. It was one of those delicious days when nature's self seems new; and here, on this favoured spot, whose refined solitudes are purposely elevated above the grosser cares of the lower world, its sunshiny smile tempts a

lingering stay, and soothes into oblivion of all but the present pleasure. But, alas! *malaria's* deadly poison hovers in every balmy breath that whispers love, and destruction lurks beneath the budding hopes of each opening flower.

"Matilda and Ormsby had lingered long near one of those lonely fountains which adorn some of the varied vistas of the gardens. Even in his eyes she had never looked more lovely. The simple attire to which, as best suited to a statuary's classical taste, she had confined her morning's toilet, was peculiarly calculated to invest her perfect form with an almost ærial grace; whilst the tranquil indulgence of the softer feelings of her nature gave a matchless expression of tenderness to her angelic features. But as she bent her eyes towards him who occupied all her thoughts, and met his adoring gaze, she felt suddenly struck with the change which his recent severe illness had made in his fine manly beauty; and it recalled her mind from the calm enjoyment of the present moment, and enforced the recollection, of how much of their late re-union they had owed to sickness and to suffering,—how, in his sunken eye and faded cheek, the traces of the melancholy origin of their transitory pleasure were left to survive the advantages they had derived from so unwelcome a cause.

"Touched with these reflections, as she leant on the marble balustrade, and shook, as she struggled for composure, her purposely averted head, a few drops which had gathered in her full dark eye fell unbidden,—mingling, in their sullen fall, with the playful patter of the merry fountain over which she was bending."

Those tears were the ominous precursors of her fate. Ormsby lost all sense of restraint, and revealed the passion that preyed upon him. Matilda confessed that the love she once plighted to him never was another's, that her home had become cheerless to her, that her peace of mind was broken, and she resolved to part with him on the spot, never to see him more. It was in this situation, and thus earnestly engaged, that they were seen by Sir James and his friends. A remark or two, slightly thrown out by one of his party, suddenly kindled his jealousy, and being confirmed in his suspicions by a discovery of the unfortunate meeting between the two lovers at Geneva, he resolved on hurrying away Matilda from Rome immediately. On the journey to Florence she "had to submit to every species of ill treatment, short of actual violence, which a vulgar mind and an unfeeling nature, under the irritation of supposed injury, could inflict." Ormsby madly followed them to Florence, obtained a stolen interview with Matilda, who, "unable any longer to bear the barbarity of her husband, or to resist the ardour of her lover, faltered out her faint consent to an immediate elopement;" and in a few days they were at Naples.

"During the whole of their prosperous flight, light and buoyant as the bark that bore them were the hearts of the fugitives, and boundless as the bright expanse of sunshiny waters around seemed their happiness. At the conclusion of the voyage, they exchanged the comparative confinement and restraint of their vessel, for ever-varied rambles through the lonely environs of Sorrento; where, in that most beautiful corner of the most beautiful bay in the world, they had taken a villa for the summer. Here, whilst days untold swelled into weeks, and weeks that passed unheeded made up months,—eternal as the smiling skies above, and fruitful as the teeming earth on which they trod, still seemed their love. But not more certain was the revolution of the seasons, than this delicious dream to have an end."

Matilda, perhaps, under her circumstances, would never have formed a wish to quit this solitude. But Ormsby soon began to find that he had other interests than those of the heart to attend to.

He received letters from his mother, his lawyer, his steward, his political friends, consulting him upon points which recalled him to the business of every-day life, from the romance in which his feelings had been hitherto bewildered. What a volume of instruction is contained in the following passage! What a picture of that *happiness* which flows from illegitimate affection! How charming the contrast between the two guilty lovers and the "light-hearted peasants," whose daily industry secured their innocence!

"As they pursued their usual evening stroll through the vineyards, whose ripe burthens overhung the sloping banks, and almost touched the waters, Matilda could not but remark how much absorbed he was in his own reflections; and she at length thus broke the unusually protracted silence.

"How I do hate letters! True, I hardly ever had a pleasant one. Strange as it may seem, I do not think that I ever in my life received one from you, Ormsby."

"Do you wish me to give you a speedy opportunity of experiencing that pleasure?" said Ormsby, smiling.

"Oh! do not talk so, even in jest. I cannot bear to contemplate such a thing as possible."

Ormsby tore the letters, and threw the scraps into the sea.

"The spot on which this little incident occurred was the loveliest of all the lovely scene around, and, for this reason, had often been the limit of their evening ramble. The beautiful banks of the little inlet, on one side of which they were seated, were crowned with a profusion of myrtles, acacias, and other sweet plants, which irresistibly tempted to linger within the precincts of the double enjoyment of their fragrant shade.—The vineyard-path on the other side of the bay, traversed only by the light-hearted peasants, as they returned from their work, carolling some of the wild and gay melodies of their native dialect, gave occasional animation to the scene, without at all interfering with its secluded charm. On the broad extent of waters beyond, the setting sun had marked his track of liquid fire, such as no pen, and the pencil only of Claude, can describe.

"I know not whether it was from the peculiar stillness of the atmosphere, and the more than usually glass-like surface of the sea, (which will sometimes convey sound to an almost incredible distance,) but it was the first time Ormsby had remarked, that from hence they could catch the 'busy hum of men,' and the rumbling of the carriages on the evening-promenade at Naples. There was something in his tone and manner in making this observation, which struck Matilda's sensitive mind as implying a wish to be there;—and in a moment her part was taken.—'Ormsby,' she said, 'you wish to change the scene.—For myself, Heaven knows with you I could remain for ever in this earthly paradise;—that is, with you wholly and entirely, in mind as well as person. But never through mistaken kindness attempt to disguise from me any desire you may have: for if *you* are but happy, all places are the same to me. I can have no wish, no hope, but to please you; and my worst fear is to be felt as a constraint on your inclinations.'

"Ormsby warmly protested, in reply, that he had no wish for change,—that no one could be happier than he. And so at the moment he felt. But in a week they had removed to Naples!"

Matilda soon found at Naples that she must shut herself out completely from the world, or appear in it in a character equally novel and painful to her feelings. Every attempt made by Ormsby to restore her to her rank in society, which he hoped was not altogether impracticable under "the peculiar circumstances" of her case, was followed only by fresh mortifications. Among these, the most painful arose from the assumption of a notoriously infamous woman, in visiting the fallen Matilda upon terms of perfect equality!

At length Ormsby was informed that Sir James had taken legal steps for the purpose of obtaining a divorce; and he proceeded to England, in order to facilitate a measure which would enable him to legitimize his union with Matilda,—a consummation now rendered doubly desirable. Her residence, in the mean time, was fixed in a small and retired villa in the neighbourhood of Nice, where she found some consolation in the friendship of a Mrs. Sydney. The divorce was completed, and a day was fixed for the return of Ormsby, by a felucca, from Genoa, where he was to embark, as the speediest mode of reaching her. That was a day of anxious expectation to Matilda. The morning was calm. She walked out to a remote promontory, in order to catch the earliest view of the friendly sail. Suddenly a tempest arose. A vessel appeared in sight, rocked by the wild winds which raised the waves mountain-high. In a moment it was a wreck at her feet, and every soul on board perished. She was found senseless, and conveyed home. The following day she unconsciously and prematurely became a mother. The concluding scene is agonizing.

"When Mrs. Sydney entered Lady Matilda's room, she found her supported by pillows in her bed—the windows opened wide—her beautiful hands clasped as in prayer—and the big tears chasing each other down her colourless cheek.

"Dearest friend," she said, "I have been very—very faint—but soon I shall meet my love again. I feel it here," pressing her breast—"and most grateful to my heart is the sensation of death. Nay, look not so—for I shall see him—God is merciful—a broken and contrite spirit will he not reject."

"Dearest Lady Matilda," interrupted her friend, "do not give way to these agitating anticipations of death. I know there is no cause for alarm. But Lord Ormsby you will see, and that soon."

"He's here—he's alive—he is not lost—I read it in your eyes.—Ormsby, my love—Oh, my God, let me live to see him again!" cried Matilda, as, exhausted by the effort, she sunk fainting on the pillow.

"It was in Ormsby's arms that she was restored to consciousness; it was from his trembling hands she received the restoratives her weakened frame required; and even the stern, relentless hand of death was for a moment stayed by the renewed energies that strongest of human passions inspired; and for a time nothing was felt save the all-engrossing happiness of their re-union.

"My child—*our* child—Ormsby, have you seen it?" said Matilda, as Mrs. Sydney placed the infant by its mother's side.

"Dearest child!" said Ormsby, kissing it,—*"Oh my Matilda, what a treasure it will be to us! how will our happiness grow with its growth."*

"*Our* happiness!—Oh, Ormsby—give me air—I am very faint—but do not leave me."

"Leave you!—Oh, that I had never left you for one moment!—how could any thing persuade me to tear myself one instant away from my only treasure?"

"Say not so—Do not now repine, my love—I trust that good has come out of this evil—Ormsby, I feel that I am more fit to die—nay, start not.—Had I basked ever in the sunshine of thy presence, many sad and salutary reflections had been withered and lost. Then think of the dear Emily—her well-merited happiness is cheaply purchased even by death."

"Is there no advice?" said Ormsby: "pray compose yourself—you wear your gentle frame—these emotions are too much for you." Ormsby said true.—She was now utterly exhausted; but it was not with the pleasurable emotions she had experienced only too late. If any thing could have prolonged her fleeting existence, it would have been the happiness she now enjoyed. But her spirit was fluttering on the verge of eternity, and a few hours must see it wing its inevitable flight.

"And is there, then, no perfect love in this world?" sighed Mrs. Sydney; 'most these dear ones part, just when they might in innocence have together

lived to repent their past transgressions? But thy will be done!—Oh, that instead—a being so sad and lonely as myself had been fated to leave them behind me!"

"There were moments during the remainder of the evening when Matilda's eyes shone so brilliantly, and her voice sounded so sweetly, that Ormsby and Mrs. Sydney almost indulged a hope that she might be spared to them; but the medical man conceived it his duty at once to check such vain and fruitless expectation. He solemnly assured them that she could hardly live through the night, and that he much feared the child, too, could not survive.

"Matilda overheard, in part, this opinion; and pressing the unconscious infant to her breast, she exclaimed, 'Oh! 'tis too much to hope, even from Infinite Mercy, that my sins may so far be pardoned that I may be rendered even as this innocent.'

"'Nay,' said Mrs. Sydney, 'remember with confidence, that the same Divine authority from which we learn, that of such is the kingdom of Heaven, tells us that there is even more joy over one sinner that repenteth.'

"Through all that wretched night, Matilda's life was only prolonged by the constant circulation of air through the apartment, and as the darkness and damp gradually dispersed, the shades of death seemed to gather and thicken around her devoted head. The refreshing fragrance of earliest morning played in vain about her livid lips, just struggling to emit the last mortal breath that would ever mingle with the rival sweetness of the air. The first rays of the rising sun shone unseen upon her glassy eye, about to close for ever against the reviving light of day—it closed—and the sufferer and her sufferings were no more.

"When Ormsby awoke from the stupor of despair to the full sense of his utter desolation, he found that his helpless infant had also closed its ephemeral existence, and that he was thus utterly bereaved at once of every outward trace, of every living record, of his late guilty connexion.

"After a time, he sought some relief to his feelings in active service in the cause of the Greeks; but even in the most eventful moments of his after-life, that would sometimes obtrude itself, which was never absent from his solitary pillow,—the image of his poor Matilda, as, heart-broken and repentant, he had seen her on the evening preceding the fatal catastrophe which had left him alone in the world."

The author tells us, in the commencement of the volume, that, in early life, "Matilda's religious education had been neglected." His tale is a sad, yet beautiful, commentary on this text. [*Ibid.*

PRESENT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

(Continued from p. 341.)

In thus slenderly examining the question of the dead languages, we have not discussed that opinion which holds forth the study of languages, as such, to be the proper and the only exercise of youth. We will begin by admitting it. The study of a language shall be, if grammarians please, the best method of cultivating the mind, and it shall be the only occupation in which the unformed mind can be trained; but if there is any other gain to follow, it is but consistent with good policy, with common economy, to attempt to obtain it.

By acquiring Greek and Latin, presuming that they were actually acquired, the collateral gain which follows is the improvement of the literary taste, and the opening of the stores contained in those languages. One of these questions we have already discussed, and we have pretty clearly shown that not one in a thousand reads a

Latin author for his matter, and not one in ten thousand a Greek one; and that the very few who do acquire, or appear to acquire, a full knowledge of the tongues themselves, are precisely those who never study the authors for any other purpose, than to haberdash in accents, quantities, and particles; to arrange punctuation, and to squabble about the stupid, useless, endless, notes, of stupid, useless, and endless commentators and scholiasts.

A language that *can* be read is nevertheless worth something; but a language that can be spoken as well as read, has at least one value more. If a language which we want every day as a means of intercourse, is a desirable acquisition, a language which includes a thousand authors, ought also to be more valuable than the one which contains a hundred: and if therefore language is an exercise of the faculties, if it is the only applicable one, it is more than evident that the one which can be spoken, the one in which we can read, through a long life, is the best worth cultivating, because we gain two ends by one purchase.

Does the man exist, who, if he were freed from the mystery, the cant, and the fallacy of the system, would not prefer a mastery of the German to the Greek, or the French to the Latin? If youth is to be educated in language only, common sense would tell us to educate them in the languages of Europe, or in the languages of the living world. We cannot despise the languages of the living world if we would; as Greece did from conceit, and Rome by the sword. It is another world than it was, in communication, interference, and relation; and the literature of that world also, is somewhat different from what it was in the days of Greece and Rome.

But, tied down by the monopoly of this system, we do not learn even our own language. The Greeks and the Romans were here wiser than ourselves. But to pass this, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, abound in literature which we acknowledge and—despise. They contain uncounted treasures of literature and science, which are closed to all but the few who, late in life, and when time has become rare and precious, must labour to acquire what they might have gained, without labour, in early youth; what they would, at least, have gained while they were doing nothing; on which they would have fallen, with a delight, the counterpart of their present aversion to languages, because they could witness the use and foresee the end; and because the toil might have been rendered a pleasure.

The world, too, is in a constant motion of intermixture; we, above all, are a travelling people: yet, for want of modern languages, of the means of intimacy, or almost of communication, we wander to no end, and return as we went, unable to hear or see, unable to discover or profit. Ambassadors, consuls, merchants, scattered over the world, it is a vast consolation, assuredly, that we are scholars, and can scan an ode of Horace on our fingers, when we live, as in the society of the speechless, deaf, and dumb, ignorant, deceived, or cheated. The ambassador of Britain to France

is unable to pay a compliment of ten words, from the king his master, to the king his master's friend. Perchance, he could have spoken them in Greek or Latin; for to what other end did he not learn French at Westminster or Trinity College? Perchance, indeed: when have British ambassadors spoken or listened in Greek?

This is not nothing. The unlucky merchant who has destined his son for trade, and who has spent a thousand pounds of his money, and fifteen years of his son's life, in maintaining the ushers and masters of Westminster School, must send him to Bonn, or Cadiz, or Genoa, to spend more money and more time, that he may acquire the language which is indispensable to his duties and his success; to prepare for action when he ought to be acting. Hayleybury must spend money and time, also, in rebellion and disorder, that its pupils may forget such "as in presenti," as they have learnt, and acquire Bengalee and Persian. A hundred thousand of us contrive to govern half as many millions of oriental foreigners; and are prepared for that end, not by acquiring Sanscrit or Arabic, Persian or Hindostanee, but by learning barbarous rhymes about Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo. China cheats us every day of our lives, and we have not yet learned to discuss with a Hong merchant in his own tongue, or to dispute about a fraudulent chop with a mandarin. We attempt to bully or wheedle the bearded Turk into ill humour with Russia, through a knavish Greek interpreter whom the Russians bribe to interpret falsely. But my lord Strangford is a scholar, and can translate Tibullus. That is a vast consolation. We can make neither war, nor love, nor a bargain, nor a law, in Greek; we are making love to half the females of the globe, war to half the males, and bargains with the whole; and we prepare ourselves for all these ends, most philosophically, it cannot be denied. Let Cadiz and let Naples tell; but luckily, love can speak a language of its own.

We have passed to the subject of modern languages, and to the superior expediency of learning them; but we do not mean to admit, that, for any other purposes than that of being used, the study of language is the proper study of youth. There is here something for youth to avoid, and something for it to gain. If, as in past ages, the whole attention of youth is not, or is not to be, directed to the mere acquisition of two extinct languages, neither ought it now to be directed to mere literature, to that which is the only good consequence that can flow from this system. Literature, we have said it before, is a cant word of the age; and, to be literary, to be a *litterateur* (we want a word), a *bel esprit*, or a blue stocking, is the disease of the age. The world is to be stormed by poetry, and to be occupied by reviews and albums. He is to be a statesman because his Greek verses carried the prize; to conduct a political journal, because he is a poet; or the Excise perchance; or an embassy, or the secretaryship of Bermuda, or that of the Admiralty. All this is extremely pleasant and entertaining; as we

love poetry, and do not dislike blue stockings, provided their eyes also, are "darkly, deeply, beautifully, blue."

But ledgers do not keep well in rhyme, nor are three-deckers built by songs, as towns were of yore. And, really, if there are some difficulties in governing states, we consider that they are best conquered in prose, as we also conceive of our enemies, naval and terrestrial. As to our acts of parliament, indeed, it might not be amiss if they were put into ottava rima, as there would then be some chance of understanding them.

In sober and utilitarian sadness, we should be extremely glad to be informed, how the universal pursuit of literature and poetry, poetry and literature, is to conduce towards cotton-spinning; or abolishing the poor-laws; or removing stupid commercial restrictions; or restraining the holy alliance; or convincing the other half of England that a Catholic is a Christian; or recasting the Court of Chancery and exterminating the half of our laws, and two-thirds of our lawyers. States have been governed here and there, heaven knows how; but not by poetry, it is certain. Literature is a seducer; we had almost said a harlot. She may do to trifle with; but wo be to the state whose statesmen write verses, and whose lawyers read more in Tom Moore than in Bracton.

This is a dangerous taste, a dangerous state of society; for it renders useful learning (we dare to use the word) without credit, and tends to banish it. The real happiness of man, of the mass, not of the few, depends on the knowledge of things, not on that of words. We desire a statesman who understands politics, legislation, commerce, not Pulei; who should receive suffrages for an able treaty, not for the loves of the triangles or Whistlecraft. We do not desire elegance of composition in a conveyance, nor a prescription in rhyme. The state demands that every man, in his own vocation, should understand his duties, be they what they may; and thus only can it flourish; *tractent fabrilia fabri*; and if it is the only qualification of a commissioner of the navy, that he is an elegant scholar, it is fully time that the workman should depose him to his proper occupation with words, and take his place in things.

Be the education in languages, or in literature; be the acquisition Greek and Latin alone, or let the fullest effect that can be imagined from the real, not the supposed, acquisition of these languages, or of any languages, be granted; we are entitled to ask, first, how they can qualify a man, any man except a mere *litterateur*, for the duties of life; and next, whether they do thus qualify them. It would require some ingenuity to show, *a priori*, that the extinct languages, or literature, do render a man fit to wield the state; to conduct a fleet or an army; to make or administer laws; to defend the property of the people; to carry on commerce; to understand diseases and their cures; or to practise the arts with success. Yet of such actions as these is the life of the state; by the due performance of them must it live in happiness and power,

or poverty and debasement; live or die. If the state is to prosper, every member of it must understand his own profession, at least, whatever ornament he may superadd. It is a wise state that endeavours to make all its members useful; but that state are not we.

To try the system by its effects, is to examine many details; details, which, as far as our greater interests are concerned, we could not well examine without more personal allusion than we approve of: not, also, without a much longer history of past errors than we could find space for. But let any man investigate the history of our political conduct for the last century; of our policy, as well foreign as domestic; of our treaties, our wars, our commercial regulations, our legislation; and then say whether they are not marked by errors which were the produce of disgraceful ignorance. We see them now, partly by experience of their effects; but we see them also without this proof, because we see that their principles were faulty. We are better informed, because, by whatever means, we have been better educated; and we know that a better education would have saved us from much suffering, through a long space; suffering, of which we are still the victims.

This returns us to the question of a vicious education, or what is the same, of an useless one. If we have just said that, in education, there is something to avoid, and if we have shown the dangers, or the inutility, of what is called a literary education and a literary age, so there is something also to gain. It is a double gain, to avoid evil and choose good. If we educate a man for the purpose of building a ship, it is among timber, and rules, and ships, in a carpenter's yard. But he who is to administer the state; to direct taxation and commerce; to contrive laws; to administer, or to learn them; to conduct armies; or prescribe physic; does not learn legislation, or politics, or physic, or the military art, but Latin and Greek, syntax and poetry. Is education, then, but a name, or are the privileged orders to know every thing by intuition, while the operating ones must learn in youth to do what they are to perform in age? That statesmen do not learn their trade by intuition, their errors prove. That the soldier, the lawyer, and the physician, must learn theirs when they ought to be practising it, they feel but too plainly. Well may they weep their lost hours, and repent in vain their errors, and execrate the system which has robbed them of their youth, their liberty, and their money, and paid them in words and wind. Nay, not even thus. It is an age of literature, we have admitted. But solid literature is still a *trade*; and it is acquired by persevering industry, not at, or by, school and college, but after it, as are law and physic. The proof is before us; for those who have not had leisure or inclination after their school-days, have not acquired it, have not even acquired the simple art of writing their own language decently, of telling the world what they did, and thought, and saw. Are there many lawyers who have written in a style superior to that of an act of parliament? Britain has been engaged in a series of splendid wars, by sea and land, and it has fought them splendidly.

It has been, and is, the rival in arms of Greece and Rome; yet not one of all its officers has produced a history of his own actions; nay, hardly one has penned a despatch that would have gained credit to a school-boy. At this moment, we have not a British history of our late "glorious" deeds of twenty years; except, indeed, Dr. Southey's. We have not even a writer on the military, or on the naval art, who deserves to be named. Such is the produce of Westminster and Eton, Oxford and Cambridge. They profess, at the very least, to teach letters, and yet they do not succeed in teaching their pupils to tell a plain story in their own tongue, or in any other tongue. To what other tests can we bring the system of our education? It has broken its promise: it has broken it in every way. It has not taught even the little it pretended to teach. Had it taught all, we have ploughed the field we were not to cultivate, and sown the seed which we never meant to reap.

Education, if intended for any thing, is intended to prepare subjects for the state. It is plain, therefore, that it should bear an analogy to its pursuits, and occupations, and laws, and constitution. The system which acted on the reverse principle, would be faulty; one which did not act on the direct principle, would be pronounced defective. The Catholic countries of Europe have erred in both ways; we err chiefly in the latter: not solely, however.

The Greeks and Romans, we have said it before, were wiser than we are. It was their object to form statesmen, legislators, orators, and warriors; and they trusted the education of their youth to orators, statesmen, and legislators, or to philosophers professing those sciences and arts. It has been said by one who has anticipated us on this subject, but in vain, that Solon would not have trusted the Spartans with the education of the Athenian youth, and that still less would Lycurgus have put his pupils under the Helots. It was to Antipater they made the noted reply, when he demanded a hundred and fifty of their children as hostages, that they preferred giving a hundred and fifty men, lest an improper education should corrupt their children.

Heaven forbid, however, that we should have been the first to say, what we may repeat after the same writer, that the governments of Europe have selected, and have acted absurdly in selecting, the clerical body, exclusively, to conduct the education of their youth. In Britain, indeed, it has not been placed under the control and direction of a body which esteems the head of its religion beyond the head of its government, which loves its own order above its country, and its exclusive institutions more than the laws of the state. It is not under a foreign control.

And yet it is conducted and directed by the clergy, and the clergy does all in its power to retain the direction in its own hands. Tailors educate tailors, and boatswains seamen; but the clergy of Britain educates statesmen, and lawyers, and soldiers, and merchants, and physicians. We will not say of them, that they have intruded into this office; we trust that we are too libe-

ral. It was forced on them originally, and, when it was given to them, it was properly bestowed. But they have continued to hold the appointment and the profit; and really we cannot blame them, for no man willingly surrenders power, wealth, and influence. It is another question, whether we are to suffer them to retain their place for ever. If we do, the blame will be with us. Circumstances have changed, somewhat wonderfully, since that day; and if the objects of education ought to be changed with the mode, so it is fully time to change those by whom it is conducted. We ought to change them, at least unless they can prove that they are as fit for the office now as they were in days of yore; we ought to change them, unless we are determined to go on for ever in scanning and parsing; or till, at least, they prove that they can do somewhat more than parse and scan.

It is true that there are interlopers, and that they are increasing every day. It is fortunate that it is so; or we might now be a nation of monks and commentators, in place of what we are. Yet such is the force of usage, such the blindness of habit and acquiescence, that no sooner is a school, a foundation, or a college, talked of, than there rises to the eye, a dean, an archdeacon, a rector, or a curate. If there be a prince or a princess to be taught the art of governing, or of being quietly governed, we seek for a bishop as the preceptor, and a very, or less very, reverend, for the sub-preceptor. They may possibly execute their respective offices well; but it is not an inevitable consequence for every, or any, bishop of the twenty-four, to have studied the art of educating princes, or the knowledge in which princes ought to be educated. The choice, too, it is barely possible, may light on an elegant person, or a friend of royalty, or on him behind whom are arranged a long line of ancestry, or of Cornish boroughs. Thus may all the choice light, provided it be an office worth taking.

The wants of society now demand a civil education, not a monastic and a scholastic one; and unless we exert ourselves to change the system, it will be long yet before we shall rescue ourselves from the trammels and pedantry of centuries, it will be long before we shall acquire in youth what we are to want in age. And be the clergy what it may (and we are willing to grant much), we shall not be rescued from Greek and Latin, till we are rescued from the domination of the clergy in education. Men teach what they know: we cannot blame them; and how, indeed, should they teach any thing else? The system and the directors of it are inseparably entwined; the system must teach two dead languages, and nothing else, because its conductors can teach those languages, and can teach nothing else.

But the clergy is, perhaps, prepared to prove that it is competent to teach politics, and law, and economy, and sciences, and arts, all that society wants and is about to demand. An ill-natured world says that it has not yet, at least, produced the proofs. That world has examined its printed works, for there the test lies, and

finds no proof. It would be extraordinary if it should; for the education of the clergy is not a secret. If the clergy does really understand Greek and Latin better than the lay order of society, let it teach Greek and Latin, when and where Greek and Latin are shown to be the proper objects of education. We are content that it should teach theology, because this is its trade, which it *ought* at least to understand. The question of religious instruction is somewhat intricate, as matters now exist in our country, and therefore we pass it by for the present. If there is any thing else which the clergy can teach better than the other parts of society, we have not the least objection to accept of them as teachers, for we bear them no ill-will.

But if there be any thing of which they are not the best teachers, if there be any knowledge which is better known by others than by them, we desire but the same right of choosing our preceptors among such persons. He who knows best, will, other circumstances being the same, form the best teacher, as experience shows every day, as common sense would have taught us without it. We choose our professors of medicine from physicians, and place our sons intended for law under special-pleaders; just as we bind an embryo Stultz apprentice to some hero of the needle. But we choose a clergyman to give our sons education, that abstract and unintelligible thing called education; and, knowing nothing, nothing, therefore, can he, or does he, teach. If we had sense enough to select as the tutor of our child, a lawyer, he might learn law; if a merchant, accounts; in any case he would be worth something to society; he would be so though his tutor were a carpenter. Now, he is taught Greek and Latin; and learns horse-racing.

Oxford and Cambridge are conducted by the clergy, because they are monastic establishments. Westminster and Eton, for reasons equally valid. By their fruits we have long known them. But we should be pleased to have it demonstrated, why the private tutorage of every boy who can afford a private tutor, should be consigned to a clergyman; why every clergyman who has nothing, or not enough, to do, who chances to have friends, and who has less money than he wants, should also maintain his little Westminster and little Eton, in some "genteel neighbourhood," where pupils are to be occupied, at three, or five hundred pounds a-year, in making themes and measuring prosody. We know these also by their fruits. We expect to reap, and forget that we ought to sow; we never ask ourselves, what are to be the future pursuits and duties of our son, but we have given him an "expensive education," and discharged our consciences. Expensive, indeed, it shall prove, in the future as in the past.

This, too, is one of the evil results of the system, and it is a part of the monopoly. We have already used the term monopoly, and we shall use it again: but we use it without any feelings of acrimony. The present clergy of England did not create it; they

found it established to their hands, and if they are content, or desirous, to keep and perpetuate it, we think them fully justified. The very basis of social prosperity is, that every man should pursue his own interests; and therefore, we, pursuing ours, shall do what in us lies to break up this monopoly. We do not expect that any efforts of the present generation will succeed in this, or will reduce our public institutions to a form of proceeding suited to the present state of society; but it is something if we can lop off all those roots and branches which have shot out, like excrescences, from the main trunk; if we can persuade our generation that there is something for youth to learn, and that there are persons who can teach it; if we can open their eyes to the just value of prosody, and clergymen, and clerical schools, and clerical tutors. Whatever is cut off from Westminster and its spawn, whatever interlopers we can introduce, thus much is clear gain. A day will come when the people *will* be educated, in spite of Westminster and Oxford; and it is by heresy and rebellion that we shall at last shame and reform, if we do not succeed in abolishing, the monopoly. While it remains, we shall never learn but what our fathers have learned; for the Greek, the system, the church, the monopoly, are but one.

Granting that Greek and Latin did really produce a literary education, and that a literary education was the best of educations, by what right do the clergy assume the exclusive power of forming a pupil in literature? This ought to be the work of literary men by profession. Because clergymen possess more idle time than most other classes, that is not a reason for selecting them; since leisure is not capacity. It may be very convenient for them to be enabled to add somewhat to a scanty income, which, whenever it occurs, we deeply regret, and would most gladly see improved; but the generation demands our regard, still more imperiously, and we would infinitely prefer seeing the English clergy farming lands like the Scotch, than starving, or condemned, for a paltry gain, to assume the instruction of our youth. If it is to be their *property*, let them at least acquire the means of executing these duties, and we shall object no longer. They belong to a stage of society fit to be trusted with this office, and their profession is one which ought to render them conscientious performers of perhaps the most important social duty which man has to perform: but their own education must first be changed; a change which will not occur till the total system is abolished, or essentially repaired. It is for their own interests that it should be so, if they could but see it. Let them learn to educate, and education will scarcely be taken out of their hands; if they persist in opposing the common sense of the world, the world will shortly leave them to educate each other; as it is fast doing.

We are not now professing to examine into the details of our schools and colleges, because a few words would not answer our purpose; and it really is painful to us to say any thing which may

seem to reflect on the bona fides of those by whom our classical education is conducted: but we must say (and let the blame fall on the founders of Oxford and Westminster, not on their present respectable members) that the system is contrived to support the monopoly, as the monopoly in turn defends the system. It is a profitable trade.

We are not here going to praise the Greeks and Romans, as some of our predecessors have done, at our own expense; for it is most certain that education was there, also, a valuable trade; and that the orators and philosophers were not one jot less ingenious in protracting it and rendering it a *mystery*. We do not feel any indignation that those possessed of the monopoly should desire to preserve it; for this is wisdom, the worldly wisdom of the dexterous steward. We cannot fairly, perhaps, be angry with the monopolists for not teaching something else than Greek or Latin; because it is not in their power to teach any thing better. But we have a right to be angry that the system does not teach what it professes; and we have a very just plea for indignation, when, instead of showing any anxiety to shorten the period of education, to do the work which it has undertaken, in the shortest possible time, its methods and its details are so contrived as to render the acquisition of the learning which it professes, as tedious as possible; that so the greater profits should accrue. That, at least, those profits do so accrue, is evident.

Every one knows how he learns English; and every knows by what means, when left to his own guidance in after-life, he acquires Italian or French. Thus, also, he who never heard of Latin and Greek till he was twenty or thirty, would master Greek and Latin. But he would not attempt it by means of nonsense-verses; and if he knows what he intends, he will scarcely attempt it by learning to repeat "*Propria quæ maribus*." In England, every thing is a trade, and every effort, every pursuit, is concentered in the art of making money, as money, for itself; since the sole desirable good on earth, on British earth, is wealth. The spirit of commerce pervades every thing, and it is the spirit which pervades and animates our system of school education. It is not considered how the pupil is to be best and most rapidly brought forward, how most effectually taught what he is to learn; but by what means the greatest sum of money can be obtained from his parents. Never, thought Locke long ago, and would have said if he had dared, was a better engine contrived for this end, than syntax; never, have said others, was there a more fortunate discovery for this purpose than nonsense-verses, themes, exercises, classes, every thing.

Never was a system better contrived *not* to teach a language. If Justus Lipsius composed a work in Latin at four years of age, it was not by means of prosody and parsing. The giants of that age were nursed on Latin and fed on Latin; on the language, not on its rules; on Latin authors and Latin matter, not on particles

and words. In our system, also, all the labour is on the side of the pupil; the master needs not even listen; it is enough if he appears to do so. To say that he teaches, is an abuse of words. Grammar, classes, scanning, flogging, the whole discipline might be administered by a steam-engine. If the master ever had any talents, he becomes stupified into a machine; nor is it any censure on him, for human nature must yield before such a mechanical routine. The pupil, on the other hand, sees no end, no object; acquires no ideas, and learns to suppose all learning and all study the same, and to hate study for the remainder of his life. Adult man, with half his energies exhausted, his period of excitability and muscular prurience past, could not endure, even the sedentary life which is imposed on a child or a boy, boiling with physical powers, and moving in every fibre. Receiving, not even ideas to occupy and expend his nervous energy, chained to a monotonous, purposeless, unintelligible routine, either his faculties are stupified, and that process which ought to have called forth his powers destroys them, or he imbibes a distaste to every thing which demands attention; to the sciences and the arts, as to languages and literature.

In a moral view, it is a serious evil, that, at the very age in which the mind ought to be occupied with exciting and acceptable pursuits, to prevent the passions from expending themselves on vicious or dangerous pleasures, we leave it, not merely without occupation, without pursuits, but tie it down to that which it abhors, and of which the very nature is, to restrain the bow, that it may unbend, with double energy, on what it ought to be our great object to prevent. Hence, in a great measure, the vices of our public schools. It is not the sole cause, but it is a leading one. The unoccupied mind, the unoccupied body, must seek a vent, the check-spring must unbend; and finding nothing else, no object for its affections or actions, it must start to active idleness, or to mischief or vice: to boxing, drinking, rowing in boats, or driving coaches. If we ask, who the orderly boy is at a public school, it is he who has fortunately discovered some innocent, amusing, or useful pursuit, for himself; drawing, making fire-works, or building boats instead of rowing them.

This is an indirect moral evil. It is a direct one, that youth is not instructed in moral and political knowledge, in the moral and political virtues. The religion which he is taught, is a form and a routine. Among the Greeks and Romans, whose writings we pretend to teach, and by whom we might profit, if we taught them properly, the education of a citizen was relevant to his moral and civic duties. Our youth, on the contrary, quits his instructors, ignorant of every thing, and now to learn in what consist his duties, and his rights also; without principles of judgment or conduct, unacquainted with his country, its manners, customs, and usages, unacquainted with man or the world. Our public schools and colleges, indeed, are held forth as teaching this knowledge, in

opposition to private instruction. We may safely ask what world, what *man*, is taught at Eton or Oxford; but we will not be at the trouble of answering.

But the world is not a merely moral world. The physical world, the endless and mixed relations by which the two are intertwined, of all these, youth learns nothing. Even the improvement of the body, the perfecting of its physical powers, is neglected. We neglect all that forms the common routine of life and society, the very existence, not only of civil society but of man himself. The youth is not taught the nature of the world which he inhabits, of the universe that surrounds him, on both of which he is afterwards to depend so largely in the commonest details of life. He does not learn the nature, or even the names of the animals, the vegetables, the minerals, without the use of which he could not exist an hour; the forms into which art converts them, the means of their conversion, the artisans by whom they are converted, nor the endless arts by which it is, that he does not remain the savage creature which he was born. Nature has imbued him with the active and burning principle of curiosity, but we defeat her bounties by our neglect. Every thing, what we teach and what we omit, bears the stamp of the barbarism and ignorance of the monastic ages.

Hence it is, that science is not honoured in Britain. Cambridge, alone, even did it do to more purpose what it appears to perform, cannot by itself resist the torrent. Science, on which the wealth and power of Britain depend, is not honoured in Britain. It is not Learning. It has to fight its way to such honours as it can force from an unwilling public: it is not Greek and Latin. It works like a mole in the ground, unseen and unhonoured; but it raises imperishable structures, perhaps to see its own name perish before its face, before the lustre of a dealer in longs and shorts, the *utility* of an "elegant scholar." The peer despises the chemist, who teaches him whence comes the colour of his blue garter, the metallurgist, who shows him how to convert his barren hills to gold. A whole army of noble and ignoble legislators, meet annually to legislate, and it legislates on the sciences and the arts; yet scarcely one ray of science or art pervades the darkness of either House. Let those who doubt it consult the debates, the reports, the journals. Five parliaments have attempted to determine the best form for the felly of a wheel, and five parliaments have not agreed whether a pound weight exerts an equal pressure on one and on two square inches of surface. But they have learned to make Latin verses, and the law peers can probably parse *Ré, fa, lo*, when the deficient syllables are supplied.

Such is the value attached to education, and most justly, that, to attain it, there is no sacrifice of personal enjoyment, or at least of wealth, which a judicious or affectionate parent will not submit to for his child. The misfortune is, that he does not ask himself what

education means. It is that which we have been attempting to tell him. He follows the road which his treacherous State has made and paved, and is satisfied. He is satisfied, because he has done what others do; because whatever is sanctioned by usage and the state, must be right. The personal sacrifice is not a trifle; to many, it is the difference between ease and poverty, or between wealth and difficulties. A whole family is rendered unhappy, its estates, perhaps, irrecoverably injured, and finally demolished, that one or more of its members may receive "a good education;" because a good education is better than wealth. We do not dispute it. But we deny that the Latin and Greek, the ignorance confirmed, the habits of idleness and vice acquired, at school and college, are a better patrimony than the one or two or three thousand pounds, which the youth, equally ignorant and probably less injured, might have in his possession, to work his way with through the world, had it not been idly expended. The parent has sold his patrimony for that which is not bread, and the child must now labour, as best he can, in struggling through the desert before him.

[*Westminster Review.*]

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

SOUTHEY'S TALE OF PARAGUAY.

WE fear that Mr. Southey has greatly over-rated the merits of this poem, and that it is unworthy of his high genius and reputation. He takes his motto from Wordsworth—

"Go forth, my little book,
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good."

Now, perhaps, Mr. Southey will not acknowledge those readers to be among "the gentle and the good," who are not pleased with his little book. For our own parts we have been pleased—considerably pleased with it—but our admiration of Mr. Southey's powers cannot blind us to that which the whole world, himself excepted, will pronounce to be a somewhat melancholy truth—namely, that the "Tale of Paraguay" is, with many paltry, and a few fine passages, an exceedingly poor poem, feeble alike in design and execution.

If the opinion which we have unwillingly expressed of this poem be erroneous, we have furnished the public with ample means of convicting us of critical incapacity.

Undoubtedly there is a good deal in it to please—even to delight—"the gentle and the good." But it is a faint, feeble, and heavy composition; and the "gentle and the good" will act prudently in perusing it before night-fall; for if read late in the evening, it will be apt to set the "gentle and the good" to sleep without a night-cap. Why will not our poets give us something very good?—Mr. Bowles, we think, could have written a better Tale of Paraguay than Mr. Southey.

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

MORE FASHIONS.

FASHION, the supreme God, or Goddess, and *arbiter elegantiarum*, or *arbitrix*, does not limit its rule to the collar of a coat or the altitude of a tucker alone. In all, in every thing, it is sovereign; to all, to every thing, it is the rule and the law; from its behests there is no appeal; to live according to it is to live according to nature and to the eternal fitness of things; to renounce it is to be condemned, as Dogberry says, to "eternal salvation."

To say where fashion is "bred," is not quite so easy; unless it be "engendered in the eyes," like fancy; for, like fancy, it dies "with gazing." We become wearied of the tyrant of the day; and, like the Grand Turk, he is deposed, or bowstringed, to make way for a new tyrant and a successor. We continue to adore the successor, as we worshipped the predecessor, "*mox daturus progeniem vitiosorem*," and so on, to the last syllable of recorded time.

Yet all fashions are not as ephemeral as the revolutions of the mutable sex. To some is given a shorter, and to some a longer date, like human life: some are secular in their durability; and while a few undergo a transmigration or demise that appears almost voluntary, others must be battered at, like Olympus, before they fall, crushed into atoms like the complicated beast in the Revelations. Thus, while the lion wig of Louis XIV. pined gradually away into a pigtail, while men scarcely marked the successive phases—it required the battering rams of a whole nation to subvert the fashion of *Lettres de Cachet* and to replace them with the better fashion of *Habeas Corpus*.

But what is the real basis, cause, progenitor, of fashion?—Indolence. Indolence; the principle of imitation; the greater facility there is in following than in leading, defects in the thinking faculty, want of the reasoning faculty, want of sense, want of consideration respecting "the fitness of things." Man is but a monkey; and, like the monkeys in Quintus Curtius, he would even tie his legs together if he had a sufficient warranty. He cuts off his tail; believes it is all for the best, whether in government, or in drinking and swearing, till some other great baboon takes the lead and revolves the whole system.

When will man cease to be the slave of this tyrant? When he learns to reason and to think, to observe and to reason, to compare and conclude; and if we want to know why the versatile sex is peculiarly fashion's slave, there is the answer. It is best, because it is best.

Other people think so. It is easier to think from other people than from one's own head. This is what is called opinion. The opinions of mankind are like their coats. They are made by another person; adopted and worn, and they become property. Man-

kind has no other opinions. One man in a million is capable of forming an opinion, a conclusion derived from evidence and deduced by reasoning. Others borrow it; such is the mass of opinions. Opinion is fashion: and hence it varies, and hence the Catholic Church is the best of all possible churches, and the British Constitution the best of all possible constitutions,—till the Reformed Church becomes still better, and James is followed by William. It is but the last cut of the last coat, after all.

Its power extends from the Zenith to the Nadir, from pole to pole. There are fashions in mousetraps, and law, and shoemaking, and physick, and furniture, and religion, and painting, and architecture, and cookery, and morals, and drinking, and preaching, and swearing, and fighting, and education, and fortification, and navigation, and lamplighting, and toothdrawing, and fish sauce, and blacking, and politics, and even in love! and in commerce; and beauty, and colonization, and emigration, and population, and taxation, and political economy, and in poetry, and oratory, and novel writing, and balloons, and in Mr. Matthews, and the Diorama, and the Royal Society, and the Elephant at Exeter Change, and in Exeter Change itself, and the Bazaar of Soho Square, and in Soho Square itself, and Grosvenor Square, and Pall Mall, and the Park, and in riding, and driving, and eating, and clubs, and Moulsey Hurst, and Eton, and Westminster, and cockfighting, and duelling, and joint-stock companies, and—*Cospetto!*—we must end somewhere, for there is no end.

Why, here are theses for a folio as big as the Arcadia. We are not going to cram them into the Lilliput of our Magazine. Believe it not, gentle reader. But there is a fashion in magazines too; and while ours is The Fashion, shall we not take our case in our own Magazine in our own way.

Firstly, therefore, of mousetraps. But as we foresee interminable infinity in a long perspective before us, we must rein-in while it is yet time.

That there should be a fashion in eating!—The very monkey cracks his nuts as did the original monkey, whom Dr. Clarke proves to have been the very *Opus* that tempted the mother of all fashions and the first mantua-maker. It is not the fashion that the Great Sirloin, England's glory, should be seen at the table; and, therefore, it is hacked by the butler, or, in defect of him, by a bungling footman, and we are cheated out of our dinners. It is not the fashion that vegetables should be placed on the table with the first course, and as there are not servants enough to help every one, we must go without. It is the fashion, to place them on the table with the second course when we do not want them; but it would be unfashionable to place enough there; and the gardener very wisely sells them to Covent Garden market, that the unfashionables may eat them, and that he may become a land-surveyor or a nurseryman in the King's Road. It is the fashion in France to conceal the rough deal board with a table-cloth; and, therefore,

we spend our money in mahogany, that we too may conceal its beauties in the same manner. It was the fashion to think Madeira the most wholesome of wines, it is now the fashion to think it the most unwholesome: it is the fashion to say that malt liquor is poison: it is the fashion to call wine poison. It was the fashion to dine at twelve, it is the fashion to dine at eight: it was the fashion to drink wine after dinner, it is the fashion to drink it at dinner. It is unfashionable to drink small-beer, it is unfashionable to drink your neighbour's health, to be helped twice from the same dish; but it is fashionable to display your tooth-pick case, and wash your mouth before a whole company. There is another corresponding fashion yet, but we pass that over.

It is the fashion to take snuff, it was not the fashion to take snuff, it was the fashion to take snuff, it will be the fashion not to take it. It was the fashion to stuff prisoners into dungeons, it is the fashion to build palaces for them. It was the fashion to go to Ranelagh, and to walk circles like horses in a mill. Ranelagh has fallen, and the circles are now walked in the tread-mill. Negro slavery has become unfashionable; so have boots and leather breeches. Rail-ways are becoming more fashionable than canals, and quadrilles have superseded country dances.

In former days it was the fashion to enter this squalling world, under the protection, as by the toils, of the fairer sex. Fashion has discovered that this is impossible, that we must all be throttled in the operation, and Mrs. Shandy must now lie-in in town, and her Juno Lucina must wear breeches. By double-headed Janus it is even so. Thus did punch become unfashionable, and smoking and swearing, except at the Custom House and the Old Bailey; just as the Habeas Corpus did for a time, and as apprenticeships and the Trinity Board will soon be—that is—we hope; and for somewhat a longer time.

Now, Dr. Parr and his wig were once the fashion, and so was Mrs. Fry: they are past and passing, as is Lady Morgan, Count Rumford, Dr. Burney, and Sir Humphrey Davy. It was once the fashion to pave a high road when it passed through a town, and there were bills for paving and lighting, which went hand in hand as inseparably as John and Richard of legal notoriety. But Doe and Roe go no longer in couples; the town that was paved is now unpaved, and mud is now the fashion as stones were before.

It was the fashion to be afraid of France, it is now the fashion to fear the Scythian—and mad dogs; and *Veluti* is the last of his once fashionable race. It is fashionable to be purblind, to exclaim against steel traps, and to canonize poachers. Humanity is the fashion—philanthropy, ultra-philanthropy; and French wine is becoming more fashionable every day. The fashion of logic and metaphysics has been superseded by that of chemistry and geology; but, of all the sciences, the supreme in fashion are cranio-logy and political economy.

And if freemasonry has become unfashionable, in spite of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Athenæum, and the

United Service, and the Travellers, and the Verulam, and the Alfred, and the Asiatic, and the University have compensated. And the best fashion of all is, that as men club together in society for the sake of society, and converse, and mutual acquaintance,—it is the fashion in the club, as it was in the chop-house, to dine alone in sulky state, and to shun your neighbours, as if a club had been an association for mutual fear, distrust, and hatred. The fashion of an Englishman's surliness is unalterable. Thank heaven, all fashions are not mutable as the summer breezes.

There are other immutable fashions: it is becoming time to render justice. There are some that even improve; fashions that become more fashionable. The Church was always given to seek its own aggrandizement, it was always given to persecuting every other church—all churches have always agreed to persecute each other,—and they all, at all times, joined admirably in persecuting those who dared to think. It was too good a fashion to change; and accordingly it remains. Nevertheless it is not the fashion to believe in ghosts; that view, at least, of the other world, is decidedly unfashionable, in spite of Mrs. Veale and John Wesley.

Thus has the fashion of horse-racing maintained its ground well, as has that of corrupting electors and managing parliaments, and suspending judgments in the Court of Chancery, and picking the pockets of clients and eating the oyster. In the matter of oysters themselves, Colchester also preserves its well-earned reputation.

Marriage was heretofore an affair of estates and money; and this is a fashion too which has grown with our growth. Cupid stands firmer than ever in the position which he has so long occupied. Hence, *e contra*, Love is out of fashion, as it is unfashionable for a wife to be of use, to know the nature, extent, operation, or expenditure, of her family—her family!—her husband's family; to attend to her children or to herself, to any part of herself but her dress. Unfashionable, indeed!—it is absolute disgrace; irreparable dishonour.

It was once the fashion to make pickles, and preserves, and work chair-bottoms. Mr. Burgess now makes the pickles, and Mr. Oakley the chairs. The fashion now is to beat on a pianoforte and squall. High and low, gentle and simple, the tailor's daughter, and the grocer's daughter, squall and thump on the pianoforte from eight to eight-and-twenty, or till they are married; and the farmer's daughter leaves the cows to Hodge to milk, and the butter and cheese to Cicely.

It is the fashion too to read Lord Byron and to despise Pope, to talk of Shakspeare and the Quarterly Review, to be learned and ological, and clever,—and, born of rum and tallow, to quit Farringdon Without for Portman Square. Thus also it is the fashion, or was, to admire Washington Irving, and Harlequin Irving the sable denouncer of God's vengeance against backsliders; as it is to whistle the Freyschutz about the streets, and to wonder how much money Duke Smithson spent at the Paris coronation.

In days of yore, not long yore, it was the fashion at least to affect a virtue if they had it not; but, better taught, we now throw open the drawing-room to repentant, or not repentant, sinners; and virtue, very properly, has become the name which the poet called it long ago. The hierarchy itself, desirous no doubt to prove its charity, scorn not to sit down with these publicans and sinners. Fashion would be worthless if it were not worth something.

Wherefore do we send our children to Eton?—because it is the fashionable school; to Westminster, because it is the fashion; to Harrow, because it is the fashion; and not to Hazlewood, because it is not the fashion. It is the fashion to learn to be alternately slave and tyrant; and therefore my lord must sag for the tailor, or the tailor for my lord—it is all one. It is the fashion to ruin the morals, and therefore it is proper to spend money at Eton and Harrow. It is the fashion to go to Oxford, and therefore to Oxford we go; it is the fashion to suppose we learn Greek, and therefore we suppose it.

But these are of the permanent fashions; like the Court of Chancery: as in some other cases, we adhere to the bad and renounce the good. It is a misfortune that smoking and drinking punch are out of date: for since fashions must change, it would be better to change Greek than punch, and Oxford than smoking. We would even consent to take back again hair powder, or the duty on malt, in exchange. But, perhaps, the fashion of fourteen years' flogging upwards from the lowest form to the highest, will yet change; and then it will be the fashion to learn to swarm a pole, jump a ditch, and walk upon a rope.

There are hopes of any reformation when comedy has given place to elephants and monkeys, and a bowery and flowery walk in Kensington Gardens to a dusty dirty parade among horses and carriages, when the typography of Fust is revived in the shape of stereotype, and a man dare not drink porter after his cheese.

If there is a fashion in poetry and bonnets, so there is too in physic. And why not in physic as well as in eating. It is now the fashion of Sangrado; and why not?—since it all proceeds on the facile principle of imitation; the monkey principle. It is much easier, here too, to follow than to guide: it saves thinking. There is but one receipt, and any man can follow it—bleeding and hot water, hot water and bleeding—"seignare, purgare, iterum purgare et seignare." Calomel and salts—Cheltenham. We are all too full, and must be depleted; blood is a poisonous substance; it must be let out. And then there is the last new remedy:—Croton one year, barytes another, muriatic baths, prussic acid—cham-pooing, or rhatany-root; just as Lord Harborough's beard succeeds to Lord Petersham's whiskers.

It is the fashion too for the plague and the typhus not to be contagious, and it is the fashion to have the tic-douloureux, and bile—and to cultivate conversation and society by crowding three hundred people into the room that might hold twenty. As it was,

or is the fashion to pay for the cards that are played with, and as it was the fashion to pay for your dinners, and as it is going to be the fashion to play at *écarté*, that the hostess may cheat her guests out of money enough to pay for the lights and the cakes.

And because all society is reduced to the simple element of an annual crowd, it is the fashion to have folding doors, and to spoil the only two rooms of a miserable house, spoiling our own comfort all the year round that we may accommodate—"whereby they may be thought to be accommodated"—our friends, once in the year, with the opportunity of breaking their carriages and wishing the assembly and the assembler at Old Nick.

And it is the fashion to build churches; and most abominable are those churches. Because why?—because other fashions have crept in to religion. Such as—discovering that the Pope is desirous of excommunicating kings, and that Prince Hohenloe cures toothach and epilepsy "point blank five hundred miles;" that morality is a crime, "yea a crime my brethren;" that we must prosecute our reason and believe in Calvin or Huntington; that Dr. Hawker is either Moses or Elias; and that it is impossible for any person to be saved unless he follows Irving, or else Chalmers, or else Dr. Collyer, or else somebody else; and that if he follows the wrong luminary he is a lost sinner, it being at the same time made and provided, that nobody can agree which is the right one.

And so there is a fashion in preaching, and grace, and salvation, and eternal life; but the worst of it is, that with less prudence than the fair, who all wear the same bonnet when it is in vogue, there are so many different *coiffures* that no one can get his head into the real, right, orthodox cap.

As to blacking, it is undetermined whether the fashion of the *veritable cirage Anglaise*, il vero lucido Inglese, lies with Warren, or Hunt, or Day and Martin: but it is certainly the fashion now to think that commerce ought to be free, that Mr. Malthus is in the right, that Mr. Macculloch is a greater economist than Mr. Ricardo, that the bullion question is unintelligible, that the state of the country is a paradox, that the Niger is either the Nile or is not the Nile, that chimney-sweeping is a very dirty trade, and Mr. Thomas Wallace, aided by Mr. John Hall, a very clever man.

Further, the fashion of joint-stock companies is becoming daily subject to increasing dubiety, and even the Duke of Wellington has become rather unfashionable, as, apparently, the same is about to happen to Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Macaulay, and Tom Campbell, and even to the Great Unknown. And also to the Edinburgh Review, and the Quarterly Review, under the laziness of the one editor, and the incapacity of the other, and to The Modern Athens in spite of Sir George Mackenzie, and Dr. Brewster, and Sir James Hall, and Mr. Lockhart, and Blackwood himself—the moral, the elegant, the instructive, the modest Blackwood, and his caterer Professor Wilson, who, in professing Moral Philosophy, has ingeniously contrived to separate the morals from the philosophy.

Will war ever go out of fashion; and scandal and backbiting?—
Yes, with eating and drinking; or at the Millenium. Or puffing?
—At the same epocha.

We want a fashion-setter here; that is certain. In the mean time it is in vain that Miss —— is the most beautiful, the most graceful, the most captivating, of her sex: she has not been puffed at Almack's; she is not the fashion. It is in vain that the "Fancy" levels the peer and the highwayman; it is the fashion. It is in vain that "liberty and property for every huzza!" are but words; they are the fashion. It is in vain that the object of law is to refuse justice: it is the fashion to say otherwise. It is in vain that Mr. Martin makes laws against bull-baiting; it is the fashion. It is in vain that wealth is not virtue: it is the fashion; that an Englishman and an English Miss cannot walk; it is the fashion: that Walter Scott, baronet, is writing balderdash for money; he is the fashion: that we tell France she will be overturned by the Jesuits; they are the fashion: that the opera is detestable, and the ballet worse: they are the fashion: that nonsense verses are useless, and Westminster an abuse; they are the fashion: that moustaches are dirty things, and routes a nuisance, and the pianoforte a pest, and Mr. Hayter a bad painter,—they are the fashion, the fashion, the fashion.

This is the magic word which answers all inquiries, silences all objections, erects all idols—erects and deposes them. And this is that sublime invention, by which Europe is distinguished from the East. China has but one fashion; it has no fashion: therefore, it is the eternal, as it is the Celestial Empire. Permanence, even in dress, is permanence: it acts on the empire as it does on the quality of a shoe: the fashion of revolution, which revolves caps and bonnets, revolves empires also. When the East has fallen, it has been by changing its dress. Rome fell when she became fashionable and changing. Had she kept the toga, the red harlot would never have sat in the chair of the Cæsars. It is enough—we have done.

[*London Mag.*

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

SONNET.

To my Melancholy.

Come, thou sweet mistress of my evening hours,
Companion of my walk! that otherwise
Were lonely;—let us wander through the tow'rs
Of this grey pile, and hear the fitful sighs,
The mournful breeze, heave through its wasting walls!
Hark!—'tis the surge of time's eternal billow,
That on the ear so sad and solemn falls!
They hear it not, the sleepers, they whose pillow,
Dreamless and cold, lies deep beneath the soil.
Would we were with them, pale-eyed Melancholy!
Free from the weight, the burden of life's toil,
Far from deceit, from insult, and from folly;
Bonded no more by life's affection chain—
Reckless of all as of the wind and rain!

[*London Lit. Gaz.*

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

THE SORROWS OF * * * * *

I AM the most unfortunate of an unfortunate race. The most wretched of the wretched who have no rest for the soles of their feet.—Mistake me not—I am no Jew,—would I were but the meanest amongst the Hebrews!—but my unhappy despised generation labours under a sterner, though a similar, curse. We are a proverb and a bye-word—a mark for derision and scorn, even to the vilest of those scattered Israelites. We are sold into tenfold bondage and persecution. We are delivered over to slavery and to poverty—we are visited with numberless stripes.—No, tender-hearted Man of Bramber! we are not what thy sparkling eyes would seem to anticipate,—we are, alas! no negroes,—it were a merciful fate to us to be but Blackamoors. *They* have their snatches of rest and of joy even—their tabors, and pipes, and cymbals—we have neither song nor dance—misery alone is our portion—pain is in all our joints—and on our bosoms and all about us, sits everlasting *shagreen*.—Dost thou not, by this time, guess at my tribe—

Dost thou not suspect my ears?

I am indeed, as thou discernest, an inferior horse—a Jerusalem colt; but why should I blush to “write myself down an ass?” My ancestors at least were free, and inhabited the desert!—My forefathers were noble,—though it must rob our patriarchs of some of their immortal bliss, if they can look down from their lower Indian heaven on their abject posterity!

* * * * *

Fate,—I know not whether kindly or unkindly,—has cast my lot upon the coast. I have heard, there are some of my race who draw in sand-carts, or carry panniers, and are oppressed by those Coptic vagabonds, the Gypsies,—but I can conceive no oppressions greater than mine.—I can dream of no fardels more intolerable than those I bear; but think, rather with envy, of the passiveness of a pair of panniers, compared to the living burdens which gall and fret me by their continual efforts. A sand-bag might be afflictive, from its weight—but it could not kick with it, like a young lady. I should fear no stripes—from a basket of apples.—A load of green peas could not tear my tongue by tugging at my eternal bridle. All these are circumstances of my hourly afflictions,—when I am toiling along the beach—the most abject, and starved, and wretched of our sea-roamers—with one, or perhaps three, of my master’s cruel customers, sitting upon my painful back. It may chance, for this ride, that I have been ravished from a hasty breakfast—full of hunger and wind—having at six o’clock suckled a pair of young ladies, in decline,—my own unweaned shaggy foal remaining all the time unnourished (think of that, mothers!) in his sorry stable. It is generally for some child or children that I am

saddled thus early—for urchins fresh from the brine, full of spirits and mischief,—would to Providence it might please Mrs. D—the Dipper, to suffocate the shrieking imps in their noisy immersion! The sands are allowed to be excellent for a gallop—but for the sake of the clatter, these infant demons prefer the shingles—and on this horrible footing I am raced up and down, till I can barely lift a leg. A brawny Scotch nursery wench, therefore, with sinews made all the more vigorous by the shrewd bracing sea air, lays lustily on my haunches with a toy whip—no toy however in her pitiless “red right hand:” and when she is tired of the exercise, I am made over to the next comer. This is probably the Master Buckle—and what hath my young cock, but a pair of artificial spurs—or huge corking-pins stuck at his abominable heels.—
No

—gentle knight comes pricking o’er the plain.—

I am now treated, of course, like a cockchafer—and endeavour to rid myself of my tormentor; but the bruteling, to his infernal praise, is an excellent rider. At last the contrivance is espied, and my jockey drawn off by his considerate parent—not as the excellent Mr. Thomas Day would advise, with a Christian lecture on his cruelty—but with an admonition on the danger to his neck. His mother too kisses him in a frenzy of tenderness at his escape—and I am discharged with a character of spitefulness, and obstinacy, and all that is brutal in nature.

A young literary lady—blinded with tears, that make her stumble over the shingles—here approaches, book in hand, and mounts me,—with a charitable design, as I hope, of preserving me from a more unkindly rider. And, indeed, when I halt from fatigue, she only strikes me over the crupper, with a volume of Duke Christian of Lunenburg—(a Christian tale to be used so!)—till her concern for the binding of the novel compels her to desist. I am then parted with as incorrigibly lazy, and am mounted in turn by all the stoutest women in Margate, it being their fancy, as they declare, to ride leisurely.

Are these things to be borne?

Conceive me, simply, tottering under the bulk of Miss Wiggins, (who some aver is “all soul,” but to me she is all body,) or Miss Huggins—the Prize Giantesses of England; either of them sitting like a personified lumbago on my loins!—Am I a Hindoo tortoise—an Atlas? Sometimes, Heaven forgive me, I think I *am* an ass to put up with such miseries—dreaming under the impossibility of throwing off my fardels—of ridding myself of myself—or in moments of less impatience, wishing myself to have been created at least an elephant, to bear these young women in their “towers,” as they call them, about the coast.

Did they never read the fable of “Ass’s Skin,” under which covering a princess was once hidden by the malice of fairy Fate? If they have, it might inspire them with a tender shriek—

ing and misgiving, lest, under our hapless shape, they should peradventure be oppressing and crushing some once dear relative or bosom-friend, some youthful intimate or school fellow, bound to them, perhaps, by a mutual vow of eternal affection. Some of us, moreover, have titles which might deter a modest mind from degrading us. Who would think of riding, much less of flagellating the beautiful Duchess—or only a namesake of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire? Who would think of wounding through our sides, the tender nature of the Lady Jane Grey? Who would care to goad Lord Wellington, or Nelson, or Duncan?—and yet these illustrious titles are all worn,—by my melancholy brethren. There is scarcely a distinguished family in the peerage—but hath an ass of their name.

Let my oppressors think of this and mount modestly, and let them use me—a *female*—tenderly, for the credit of their own feminine nature. Am I not capable, like them, of pain and fatigue—of hunger and thirst? Have I, forsooth, no rheumatic aches—no cholics and windy spasms, or stitches in the side—no vertigoes—no asthma—no feebleness or hystericks—no colds on the lungs? It would be but reasonable to presume I had all these, for my stable is bleak and damp—my water brackish and my food scanty—for my master is a Caledonian, and starves me.—I am almost one of those Scotch asses that “live upon a *brae*!”

* * * * *

Will you mention these things, honourable and humane Sir,* in your place in parliament?

Friends of humanity!—Eschewers of West Indian sugar!—Patrons of black drudges,—pity also the brown and grizzle-grey! Suffer no sand—that hath been dragged by the afflicted donkey. Consume not the pannier-potato—that hath helped to overburthen the miserable ass! Do not ride on us, or drive us—or mingle with those who do. Die conscientiously of declines—and spare the consumption of our family milk. Think of our babes, and of our backs. Remember our manifold sufferings, and our meek resignation—our life-long martyrdom, and our mild martyr-like endurance. Think of the “languid patience” in our physiognomy!—

I have heard of a certain French Metropolitan, who declared that the most afflicted and patient of animals was “*de Jôb-horse*”—but surely he ought to have applied to *our* race the attributes and the name of the man of Uz!

[*London Mag.*]

* Mr. Martin is the gentleman addressed, we presume.

ON THE DOMESTICATION OF WILD ANIMALS.

WE have lately had a proposal from a well known author, for introducing the fish of the sea into our fresh waters, as well as for domesticating them, if such a term can be used, in maritime ponds. The subject seems, nevertheless, to have attracted so little notice, or else has been met by so much neglect or opposition, that we are induced to offer some remarks on the proposal, and to subjoin some further views of our own on a parallel question.

This has been called an age of improvement, especially, and we do not mean to controvert the general opinion. Yet there is always a singular backwardness in mankind to adopt improvements; and some, in particular, seem fated for a long period to struggle against difficulties, while, with respect to a few, these difficulties have as yet proved insurmountable. It will not cost us much trouble to point out examples, but it would cost us much space to enumerate the whole: we must be content to notice a few, and the notice of even those will not be uninteresting.

The patent of Watt's invention had expired before they had sold steam engines enough to repay their expenses; and it required fourteen years more, granted by an Act of Parliament, making in the whole twenty-eight, before it had become generally adopted. Some atmospheric engines held out even longer.

Steam boats had been known for fifty years, and more, before any one could be persuaded to adopt them. They were proposed again, long after, by Lord Stanhope, in vain. There were twenty-two on the Clyde before England could be induced to build or use one; and America was navigating itself by steam for many years also, before we would even listen to the possibility of following its example.

It was an obstinacy on a very different subject, which so long refused to adopt one of the greatest improvements in common life that has ever been made, the unpowdered and cropped hair; as was that which, at the drawing-room, consented so long to entangle itself in an unnavigable hoop petticoat.

In our courts of law, we have been long vainly attempting to shorten proceedings and diminish fees; in brief, to introduce improvement; and it was about twenty years before Mr. M'Adam could persuade the people to pound up their pavements and cover their streets with mud.

Mr. Seppings is one of the few who has had better luck; but then, in return, Sir W. Congreve has invented twenty useful patents, and has never succeeded in establishing one. Once a month, Mrs. Bell attempts to introduce a reformed cap, by means of a *La Belle Assemblée*, and she does not succeed once in a year; and once a year, Messrs. Hume and Brougham attempt to introduce improvements into parliament, and never succeed at all.

Sir Henry Torrens, it is true, has reformed the manual and platoon exercise, reforming on the reforms of Sir David Dundas; but then, to balance it, Dr. Goodenough does not choose to reform Westminster school, and substitute gymnastics for marbles; nor Mr. Irving his oratory, although Mr. Charles Phillips has shown him so good an example.

We have all been labouring, for more years than can be named, to reform the Opera, with the assistance of Mr. Ebers, the Lord Chancellor, and the Marquis of Hertford; and the same difficulty has been found in improving the manners of Dyot-street, and the poetry of Mr. Campbell.

If gas lights and quadrilles were successful improvements, there has been no success in the attempts to improve the morality of Mr. Wellesley Long Pole, nor in introducing the two-horse Scotch plough into Kent, in place of the great lumbering machine drawn by four or six horses, and doing half the work at double the price.

Among the most difficult improvements ever undertaken, was that of trying to persuade the English clergy that they received their salaries for the purpose of living in their parishes, and preaching to their people, instead of shooting partridges in Norfolk, or playing whist at Bath; and the improvement is but partial yet: quite as partial as that of obliging the scavengers to clean the streets when they are dirty, though we must admit that these are the most persuadable of the two sets of public officers.

The world says that no people are so hard to improve as those who have long fattened on college funds and college ale. Hard enough, indeed, the task has been found; but it has been found quite as difficult to persuade a negro to drive a wheelbarrow. When the wheelbarrows were purchased, they filled them, it is true, but they carried them on their heads, as they had borne the baskets before.

Not less difficult did the commissioners of public accounts find it to improve the methods of keeping them, nor the commissioners of the navy to introduce machinery into their dock yards, nor Lady Mary Wortley Montague inoculation, nor Mr. Patrick Colquhoun to improve the system of thieving: nor did Peter the Great find less difficulty in shaving his Scythians, nor my Lord Hardwicke in taming a Scotch highlander, nor the Quarterly Review in humanizing its language; an event, at last, which must be classed among the instances of forcible reform, like that of the mudlarks by the Westminster justice and Doctor of Laws.

But we might weary ourselves in this enumeration. Suffice it that improvement is reform; and that is the reason why it is so laborious an undertaking. Whatever is best: and therefore it cannot be better. Our ancestors were wiser than ourselves, because they were older: old age is always wise, because its beard is longer than that of youth. Nothing ought to be better than it is, supposing that were possible: if it could be better, it has not been best; and we have been in the wrong, and we ought never to be in the

wrong, or never to acknowledge it—which is the same thing. Improvement is dangerous because reform is dangerous: “we know what we are, but we know not what we shall be.” Improvement is dangerous, because it is like giving the reins to your horse: he may run away—heaven knows how far. The cropping of hair once led to the cropping of heads: the reform of Old Sarum might lead to that of the County of York, and somewhat more; were we to begin by curtailing the Chancellor’s wig, we might proceed to curtail the six clerks, and then, process, and reply, and demurrer, and all the demurrage together, and no one knows where we might end. Reform is dangerous: we begin “indifferently,” like Hamlet’s players, and we end by “reforming it altogether.” It is but for a rat to gnaw at the dyke, and, in time, he drowns all Holland.

That was the reason why George the Third (good man) would not reform the bishops’ wigs. If the physician-doctors had been wise enough to keep to their wigs and their canes and their cloaks, we should have had no apothecaries, and the generation would have been all the better for it. The French began with the Bastile, and they ended—it is no matter how. The Suppression Society began with Sunday pies, and has ended—no matter how, also.

The Chinese are a wise nation. Peking, the eternal city, reforms nothing, and thence it is eternal. The Turk smokes his pipe, and sits like a tailor, as he has done from Osmyn and Amurath, and therefore he stands fast. When Rome took to wearing silk, and cast off the dirty blanket, it fell. Imperial Rome fell by reforming its toga. We change our dresses once a year, or a month, and hence Europe has no permanence. Improvement and permanence never yet went hand in hand; they are opposed terms and qualities. Change nothing; and then, “*Esto perpetua*,” like the Esquimaux. Missionaries and gunpowder, these are the modern engines of improvement, and of reform. By their works we know them.

If improvement is a crime against politics, it is a crime too against morality. The supreme virtue is content. “*Contentus parvo*,” “contentment is a continued feast,” so says the copy book, there is no end to the moralities on this subject. A contented spirit is better than riches. He who wants nothing approaches to the gods, says Cicero. To have no desires, is to meet no disappointments. Desire is a painful state of the soul—desire precedes improvement; and therefore it is prudent not to improve. Discontent is an odious vice: it was by discontent that Cain fell—and Troy; because Paris was discontented as a bachelor, and Menelaus as a widower bewitched. Discontent killed Alexander—and Caesar—and Napoleon: and it produced Jack and Martin—and the Methodists. It makes journeymen tailors combine; and raises the price of boots. It makes young ladies elope to Gretna Green, and produces long speeches out of the bodies of Waithman and Jacks. In short, it is an odious, dangerous, destructive vice, and a “flying in the face of Providence,” (so say the Caledonians, which is the

reason they never improve,) and therefore improvement is a crime, besides being expensive, troublesome, thought-engendering, contentious, avaricious—and much more.

Such are a few of the reasons why people do not, and ought not to improve; why they resist improvement, why they hate the improver, why, when improvement is proposed, every one seeks objections, and none offers aid. And yet the devil, we suppose, who seems to delight in mischief, does contrive, like Messrs. Hume and Brougham, and other lovers of mischief, to effectuate them, in some way or other, at certain times and places, in certain things, for certain purposes, and with certain effects.

We, feeling ourselves similarly moved by the devil, have similarly undertaken to improve the eating and drinking, not the drinking, the eating, of this nation: and that we may begin upon another person's bottom, and not on our own, have taken the gentleman usher of cod and turbot, to whom we set out by alluding, as a Thesis. We must therefore give a slight view of the project of this personage, before bringing forward our own scheme, leaving him responsible for the truth, which we have not the means of sifting.

He has ascertained by observation and experiment, that a great number of the fishes of the sea have no antipathy to fresh water, but that, on the contrary, they live and thrive, and even breed in it, as well as in their natural element. He has further proved by chemical evidence, that there is no reason why a sea fish should not exist in fresh water. The water itself is, like the air to land animals, the medium of respiration, as it is of motion; and it acts on their gills, which are their lungs, by means of the oxygen which it contains. Now it is found by experiment, that it is more easy to disengage this oxygen from fresh water than from salt; and, consequently, the act of respiration ought to be more easy, instead of being more difficult.

It is equally shown that fresh waters contain the same variety of ground for depositing the spawn, as the sea does; and consequently there ought to be no difficulties, as far as relates to the act of breeding. The only other requisite is food. And although some fish are thought to feed on marine vegetables, it is certain that the greater number are purely carnivorous, and that perhaps every kind, even of those which may eat some vegetable matter, does also live by feeding on other kinds.

Fish, in short, exist by eating each other; and therefore where there are various kinds, or where there is abundance, there never can be a want of food. The larger live on the smaller; and when it is known that a cod will produce six millions of young at a birth, since it lays that number of eggs, it is easy to see that among fishes, propagating in numbers, there cannot easily be a want of food. In fact, this wonderful fecundity seems to have been ordained for this special end; and we rather consider the vegetable submarine creation as offering places of shelter for those animals, than as food; as

it has never yet been decided that these plants were actually consumed by any fish.

Thus all the imaginary obstacles to the cultivating of sea fish in fresh waters, are removed by reasoning, as we shall presently show that they have been by trial. But we shall also show immediately, that fish may be fed as easily as our domestic animals; it being a part of this project to render them such.

Nor, if sea fishes are to be domesticated, would it always be necessary to have recourse to fresh waters, though there are many cases where that would at least be a great convenience. It is easy to find innumerable places on our sea shores, where enclosures might be formed for keeping and feeding them, and where we might have them under our command as much as our poultry yards, whether for the purpose of domestic consumption or sale.

This writer mentions that there are already three such ponds in Britain; yet, though these have long been successfully established, they have not been imitated, so slow are the people in adopting the most obvious improvements.

He has also shown that the same practice is common on the Greek coast of the Adriatic, at Missolonghi, and elsewhere, as it is at Bermuda: the inhabitants, in both countries, catching fish for the purpose of storing them in these enclosures, where they fatten and improve, and where they are always at hand, like domesticated animals.

He has also pointed out what appears to have been forgotten in this age of learning Latin, (not to read but to forget it,) that this practice was universal in ancient Rome, and constituted a regular branch of rural and domestic economy. And the practice of these people confirms the opinion that sea fishes would thrive in fresh waters; because, even in the earliest days of the republic, it was common with the small farmers to bring up spawn from the sea to the lakes about Rome, for the purpose of thus cultivating them. In after times, the same practice became a common luxury in the hands of the great Patricians; and he has quoted from Columella examples of the great extent and value of their fish ponds, of the prices paid for them, and of the expenses applied to feeding the fish. This species of domestication, or of rural economy, as we shall hereafter show, was extensively practised with regard to many land animals also; and it appears that we have here retrograded, instead of improving on the practices of this great and powerful people. Classical readers will find, as well among the poets as the prose writers, abundant proofs of the attention which the Romans bestowed on fish; as they did very generally on every thing that belonged to eating and drinking, as well as to fighting, conquering, and governing.

Sicily appears to have preserved this practice, as Greece has also done in the places just mentioned. For, in Sicily still, according to Captain Smyth's account, the people transport mullet and lob-

sters to a fresh water lake, the lake Biviere, for the purpose of improving their quality and condition.

This is an important circumstance in addition to the mere fact of domestication. The objectors all say that the fish would starve; and, when driven from this ground, that they would lose their flavour and fall off in quality; become, in short, fresh water fish. The ancient Romans were of a different opinion, or they would not have been at so much expense in keeping and feeding them. Wherever they are thus treated they are found to improve, instead of deteriorating. Invariably, they grow fatter and thicker, and become better in quality. The writer before us shows that the mullet, the sole, plaice, turbot, basse, and many more, are thus changed for the better; and that, what is singular, the flat fish become twice or three times as thick as in their ordinary state. It ought to be equally familiar that our oysters are never good till they have been transplanted from the sea to fresh water, which constitutes the improvement in the oysters of Colchester; the only naturally good ones, called *natives*, in the market, being those which are caught where fresh waters join the sea.

Thus it follows, not only that fishes can be kept for consumption in a domesticated state, but that they will propagate, and that they also are improved in quality. And thus also it appears that it is indifferent in what kind of water this is attempted; and hence, that those places which have not the convenience of sea water, may stock their lakes, canals, and ponds, if not their rivers.

We mentioned that the evidence was deduced, partly from the natural conduct of certain sea fishes, in resorting to fresh water or residing in it, and partly from direct experiment; and, as the writer has given a distinct list of each, we shall extract them for the information of our own readers, his papers being printed in a scientific journal of limited circulation.

The list of those which frequent, or reside in fresh waters, naturally, is the following:

Conger, torsk, sprat, shad, alose, great lamprey, lesser lamprey, stickleback, smelt, cottus quadricornis, mullet, flounder, red flounder, white whale, rockling, whiting-pout, mackerel, herring, cod, loach, red loach, sand eel, prawns, shrimps, and crabs.

Those which have been naturalized by force, not having yet been found naturally resorting to fresh waters, are the following:

Plaice, basse, smelt (which also frequents rivers), atherine, rock fish, cuckoo fish, old wife fish, sole, pollack, turbot, horse mackerel, oysters, and muscles; besides which, many more, in addition to the smelt in the first list, such as the mullet, herring, mackerel, whiting-pout, and others, have also been thus introduced into confinement, so as to propagate.

In short, the experiment has never failed on any fish on which it has been fairly tried, and every kind that has had sufficient time has also propagated. And, what is important, it has equally an-

swered where the water itself has been changeable, shifting from salt to brackish, and to fresh, and so on in rotation.

As yet, it has not been found necessary to feed the fishes thus domesticated. So far from that, they have multiplied to an enormous degree, finding or making their own food. And thus a pond of about five acres, which was almost worthless, has become a source of large revenue.

The improvement which the writer deduces from these facts, is somewhat multifarious in its bearings.

He has proposed, in the first place, to turn to account the great tracts of useless fresh water which we possess in this country, by stocking them with sea fish. He has shown that Scotland alone contains five hundred square miles of lake water; the whole not producing one shilling of rent, and scarcely furnishing even a fish to the surrounding inhabitants or the proprietors. In France and Germany, fresh waters, duly stocked and fished, even with fresh water fish, yield a rent equal to that of the land. Here is at once a large source of food and revenue, which might be materially extended by occupying the various fresh waters of Wales and England in the same manner.

His next proposal is to enclose a portion of the Thames for the purpose of establishing a living fish market for the metropolis. If the objects of joint stock companies had been utility instead of jobbing in shares, this project would not now remain to be executed. The advantages chiefly to be derived from it are stated to be the following:

Of all the fish brought to the market, the fishmongers know very well that a very small proportion is in good condition, and this appearing to arise from want of food. It is the fashion to say that the fish are out of season; but, except for a short time immediately after spawning, no fish is ever out of season except from lack of food. Among a hundred turbot brought to the London market there are seldom ten good; the other fish are starved; the difference, in the case of domestication, would be like that of killing and eating a fattened ox instead of a collection of Highland bones.

Further, the present supply is very irregular. There is sometimes a glut in the market, and it is notorious that they are often destroyed to keep up the prices; while it often happens, from bad weather or other causes, that there is a want of fish, with, consequently, extravagant prices. Generally, the supply is short for the demand; and, with a greater and more regular supply, many more persons might afford and enjoy this luxury, or necessary.

But such a system of an enclosed market, being a living market also, the supply could be accurately regulated by the demand, and the trade would become steady instead of being precarious. The produce would also become cheaper to the public; not merely on account of the certainty and the equalization, but because the trade would be conducted by fewer hands, and by a smaller number of intermediate profits. The public would be always sure of fish, and it would be sure of them at moderate and steady prices.

If the fishes thus confined should not even propagate, or, rather, if some kinds should not, the whole object would not be defeated; because the enclosure would still be a repository of living fish, a place where they might be deposited when plenty, to be retaken when scarce. As far as they did propagate, the repository would be a warren, and thus a distinct source of profit. If they should not feed effectually, there would be no difficulty in feeding them, from the offal of such a city as London, copying the ancient Romans. Nor can there be any reason why we should not feed our fish as well as our pigs; or why, having naturalized carp and tench, and made them literally domestic animals, we should not extend the same principle to other fishes.

To carry this particular plan into execution, the writer proposes that the enclosure should be made by means of a palisade, in any place towards the mouth of the Thames, or the Medway, where there is room, and that a steam-boat should be established for the daily supply of London, to bring back food, if that should prove necessary. There is no difficulty in supplying such an enclosure with living fish by means of well-boats; since they are thus brought alive to Gravesend at present, and since the practice of Bermuda and Missolonghi proves that it is perfectly easy. Such is the author's proposal: it remains to be seen whether it will be adopted, for of the success, if it were, there can be no doubt.

This writer has also suggested that the turtle might be naturalized to our own country; a project which merits peculiarly the attention of the Court of Aldermen. We think his notion perfectly reasonable. The Captains say that the turtles die when they come into our latitudes; but if many did not live, whence all the turtle soup? It is well known, at any rate, that the Captain's turtle never dies. But whether they die or not, it is mentioned by this writer that a fine turtle was taken in the Tamar, and eaten at Saltash; and it is well known that no turtles had ever been imported into Plymouth. However, by whatever means it had arrived there, it chose the fresh water for its residence, and did not die, since it was in the most perfect condition.

But the principle is itself reasonable, and is perhaps among the most reasonable projects of naturalization that has ever been proposed. The peacock and the common domestic fowl are originally natives of the hottest parts of India, as the pintado belongs to the burning sands of Africa. These are all now inhabitants of much colder countries than our own, and experience no difficulty. And, in this case, the difference is infinitely greater than in that of an aquatic animal; because, while the difference of temperature in the air, of these remote climates, may amount to eighty degrees, there is not a difference of ten between their respective waters. In fact, there would scarcely be any change of climate; and considering that this tribe is hybernant, and particularly protected from cold by its covering, as it is also further protected by its extreme tena-

city of life, we have not the least doubt that it might be naturalized to bear even our frosts. Why not: as well as its more delicate neighbour, the peacock, the native of heats far more intense.

In spite of the antipathy which every one shows to improvement, and which has been particularly shown towards the introduction of new animals, we have not the least doubt that, at some future day, we shall have turtle ponds as we have poultry yards; though the people will still go on denying the possibility of naturalizing a boa-constrictor for the purpose of making soup or fricasees. It is a very extraordinary propensity in the human mind, thus to oppose that by which it must gain, if successful; we might suppose that mankind expected injury from improvement. We might, at least, suppose that the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen would vote a thousand pounds for placing turtle in the Regent's Canal, or the New River; or, which is much more plausible and proper, that the West India Dock Monopolists would introduce them into their most commodious ponds, where they could not fail to feel quite at home, amid rum, sugar, mahogany, and black men. But the directors are, like the aldermen, content to eat the turtle in the old way; and the secretary has made up his mind that it "cannot possibly succeed." It was once argued that this dock itself would not succeed. Time has belied the opponents; and at some future day, the turtle will belie the directors and the secretary; other directors and another secretary. Perhaps, dividing ten per cent. they are too rich and proud to turn turtle breeders, or perhaps it would require a new Act of Parliament.

Among other antipathies to improvement and reform, the one that here concerns us principally, is the antipathy which it is especially the fashion to cultivate now against naturalization, not merely the naturalization of turtle, or of animals in general, but of plants. At some future day, we may perhaps show at more length, that this is one of the neglected improvements by which we might materially profit. It is sufficient to say now, that this bigotted and stupid obstinacy has prevented us from acquiring an endless number of ornamental plants for our gardens, and of useful ones for our agriculture. In spite of experience, of experience enough to prove that they were wrong, our gardeners have persisted in the same dull routine, cultivating from offsets and slips instead of from seed, and destroying by excessive heat and confinement, innumerable plants that might long since have been inured to our climate. Occasionally, some plant, more fortunate than its neighbours, finds means to escape, becoming a denizen of our gardens; but the demonstration is thrown away, and the routine goes on as before. Of so little use is what is called experience. Experience is nothing without observation; and be it a gardener, or be it an apothecary, it is the same. Forty years is no more for the latter than for the nurse, or even for his own pestle and mortar: he is the receptacle of powders and the issuer of pills, like the mortar; and at the end of time, to eternity itself, his head remains, and would re-

main, confraternal of his brazen pestle. The pine-apple has been cultivated without fire for these five years: but even those who see it done, say that the pine-apples are not good, since they cannot deny that they are there: they eat them, and must admit they are good; but they consider it an exception, and that it cannot possibly "answer."

To return to animals, which is the question particularly before us. We have shown that three at least of our common domestic fowls are natives of hot climates: they have been naturalized, or they would not be here. That which has once been done may be done again; and we might as easily naturalize the Indian florikan if we chose, or the secretary bird if we chose to eat him. Why not? Lord Hastings has already naturalized the Indian partridge: the bird of Paradise, which never could by any possibility have lived out of New Guinea, contrived to live at Kensington under the same care, and might have lived still, but for royal tenderness and attention. Had there been a dozen instead of one, we might now have been eating roasted Paradises.

Nothing will be done without trial: and, unquestionably, the way to prove that it cannot be done, or at least that it is not done, is carefully to avoid trying. The opposer of improvement will then not be mortified by unwilling conviction. We would gladly know how man himself, born under Ararat, or elsewhere, has become naturalized to Greenland, how he eats whale under the pole, and cocoa-nuts under the equator; happy in both, and, in all, cramming the population down the throat of the subsistence. Whence did the horse reach Norway from Arabia, if he was not naturalizable. Or the ass. Yet it remains impossible to naturalize a quagga or a zebra, or an elephant, or a hippopotamus. The keeper of Exeter Change wraps his boas in blankets, and keeps his chameleons in cages; and that is reasoning enough for the public.

The fox, the wolf, the hare, the sheep, the ox, these and more, like the horse, are found all over the world. They learn to accommodate their clothing to the season and the climate, and make no complaints. The goat of the snowy Himalya has lived in London, and would have bred there, had it been proper to cultivate shawl wool instead of importing it. The goat is as universal as the man himself that eats him. If his beard makes more bishops and chancellors in one latitude than another, that is all: his skin, at least, and that of his progeny, are the same, and are equally convertible into pocket books and chair bottoms, and into gloves and kid shoes for the fair.

It is the same with birds; except that, possessing powers which others do not, they can change their climates more extensively and rapidly. The snipe is found from Bengal to Baffin's Bay, he ranges from the Red Sea to Mr. Barrow's polar basin. The swallow follows the flies from Egypt to Lapland, from burning sands to frozen bogs. And so of a thousand others: we cannot afford to write a treatise on Natural History.

That they may have their attachments, is another matter. The objectors ask why each animal is found in its own climate. The answer is not very difficult. They have originally been placed somewhere, not every where, according to their construction and disposition; according to their wants, and chiefly their food. To these limits they naturally confine themselves; but there is no law which has said, thou shalt go no further. We have given proofs enough already. But they have not read Malthus, and therefore do not emigrate or colonize, or calculate when the population and when the food weighs down the balance. We do not well see what motive an elephant could have to walk to Paris; and it is likely that if he were to try, he would be boxed up and shown for a shilling, if he escaped being skinned and eaten by a Hottentot.

The objection is like all the rest—nonsense. It is also unfounded. Mr. Buckland keeps a hyena in his bed-chamber, for the purpose of studying geology, because hyenas, which now belong to Egypt and Syria, once lived in a cave in one of the ridings of Yorkshire. The whole of these beasts, which must now be caged and blanketed in the Tower and at Exeter Change, once did the same: they would do it again if they could find the way, and swim the channel, and had read Guthrie's Geography, and—provided there were no Yorkshiremen in Yorkshire.

The world might have been better in those days: we doubt:—it was before the Flood: we doubt that too: they were different hyenas, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, elephants, rats, sparrows, mice, bears, and ichthyosauruses. We doubt the whole, geology, geologists, and all. There was nobody then, no geologists to prove that naturalization was impossible, and, consequently, the beasts had no opinions to controvert and care for. They are dead and gone: because we are alive and here: or they may have been drowned in the deluge for ought we care.

We do seriously believe, for these and other reasons, that every animal of the world may be naturalized to every climate of the world; though we do not pretend to think so widely respecting plants. There are obvious reasons for the difference. The one tribe can produce heat; the other is purely dependent for that on the climate. That is the important difference; the others we need not notice.

But we are not going to assert that an aged elephant, for example, is to be brought over and turned loose with impunity to an English winter. By what gradation the horse became thus dispersed we do not know; but that it was by gradation, is very probable. We may more easily conjecture that this process is a process of gradation, by the fowls which we quoted above. The common fowl has probably been gradually dispersed through the Asiatic continent to Europe; and thus, in succession, to its colder parts. The pintado was imported from Africa by the Romans; and, from Italy, it has similarly spread itself. Thus also of the peacock; and thus

probably might the elephant, or any other beast or fowl, be transferred to Europe.

This is the exact process by which plants are naturalized; whether by former, gradual, and almost natural progress, or by more direct experiment. By direct experiment of this nature, many plants have been naturalized, even recently, as we shall show at some future day.

In plants, the operation is effected by uniting attention to a moderate and gradual change, with attention to the progeny. The seed that is produced in a climate of one quality, will grow in that which is next colder; and thus, in succession, the seeds from the last climate may, in time, produce plants reaching the utmost verge of cold which is consistent with the limit which we formerly suggested.

By this or an analogous process, it appears to us that animals have been naturalized, and may be naturalized again. The progeny, nurtured in comparative cold, is less tender than the parent, and thus, in time, from the equator, the animal may reach the pole. Thus, probably, did the lost animals of northern Europe travel from their birth place by slow degrees; while the world was yet empty of man to obstruct their progress, and while the relations between their respective foods and their respective populations were different from what they are now.

It is by cultivating the progeny therefore, on this principle, that we should expect to naturalize to ourselves the animals of even the hottest climates. We have little doubt that a cub lion, imported very young, might live even now; and we are much more confident that one born at the Tower would prove hardier than the parents, and would produce a still hardier progeny, gradually naturalizing the animal. If the experiment is to be tried, on whatever animal, this is the reasonable method; and with the command which our wide and various colonies give us, we can foresee no difficulty for any one, of which the acquisition might be judged expedient. It might sometimes be the work of time; but we rather expect that it will be found a much easier problem than has been imagined. The first step will be to overcome prejudices; and probably that will prove the most difficult one.

We may now ask what advantages we propose to ourselves by naturalizing the animals of warm climates, since we may as well dispose of this part of the question first. Ornament and use. To admire, to work for us, and to be eaten. Utility in another way, if we could find it out. To consume such vegetable productions as are of no use to the animals which we at present cultivate, or to occupy regions or places which we have now no animals to occupy. And this purpose applies to the naturalization of animals generally, so as to render it unnecessary to separate the two cases.

We must put the improvement rather theoretically than practically, because we have not the gift of foresight. If we had not

possessed the goat, for example, we should not have found an use for our poisonous plants. The goat is the universal scavenger of the vegetable creation, as the hog is the consumer of all, in every kind, that would otherwise be wasted. The goat climbs pastures inaccessible to almost all other animals; and thus, in two ways, it produces profit, pure profit. If we have pastures which even the goat cannot climb, we might cultivate the chamois. The hog is a still stronger instance. We may put the supposition that we had not possessed it. Possessing it, possessing the goat, or any other animal which consumes what could not otherwise be occupied, we make a clear gain from nothing. It is very much the same as to the duck and the goose: if we pursue the method of exhaustions, we shall find that we gain from the wide and wild vegetable creation, little more than what is given us by the animal which forms the intermediate laboratory of grass and thistles.

To name thistles, gives us the case in another way. No animal will eat them; the ass attempts it, but they puzzle him. Even the Scotchman cannot eat the emblem of his starving country; he cannot eat the food of asses, though he feeds greedily on that of horses. Naturalize an animal which eats thistles, and we gain an animal; perhaps a labourer, perhaps a dinner. If we naturalize a reindeer, we gain venison which we can use, in exchange for lichens that we cannot.

Such is a sketch of one of the leading advantages to be derived from cultivating new animals. It is easy to see how numerous they might prove. Find an animal to eat up brambles, or rag-weed, or docks, or nettles, or to thrive on the fallen leaves of autumn, or even on green leaves, since we are too proud to give them to our cattle, like the Romans, and do not keep a "frondator" qui "cantet ad auras." Cultivate an elephant, and let the Lord Mayor ride on him.

Perhaps there is an animal that will live on sea weed. Behold the gain. We should care no longer for the fall of barilla: a Scotch highlander might feed hippopotami, if that should prove the consumer, instead of starving his vassals, while he starves himself; and Smithfield would soon rejoice in gigantic sirloins, replacing the bare bones of Highland stots.

We need not distinguish further respecting the climates of the animals that we are to naturalize, but examine the question generally, whether it relates to ornament, or amusement, or to the use that we may derive from them, either as servants and fellow-labourers, or articles of food.

As ornament, we have the peacock almost alone among birds, when there is no end to those from which we might, in a similar way, derive pleasure. The golden pheasant is rarely seen; and whatever else of foreign and ornamental birds we have, are boxed up in cages, like lions and monkeys, incapable of breeding, and affording no pleasure. There is not one of them all, besides many more yet unknown to our menageries, that might not as well be

naturalized as the peacock and pintado. The flamingo and the ibis might ornament our waters, as the black swan of Australasia has lately done in a very partial manner. It is a slender attempt towards this improvement. The beautiful cranes might equally be our friends. The pelican would be more than our amusement: he might fish for us, as he does in China, and pelicanizing might in time become as chivalrous an amusement as hawking. We might even teach our own yellow eagles to catch trout for us, or use our brown eagle instead of a greyhound, or fish our herrings by means of gannets, or our cod by seals, or our salmon by otters. We might even cultivate crocodiles, to prevent idle boys from bathing in the Serpentine, and thus relieve the police officers and Sir Richard Birnie.

But a crocodile is not a bird, and we are now treating of "fowl that wing the air or wade the deep." It would be very convenient to grow spoonbills, that they might swallow up the frogs which make such an abominable noise on Blackheath in the month of May; or condors, to eat up the superfluous children of the Irish labourers; or albatrosses, that Mr. Wordsworth might be enabled to write more poetry. We might cultivate humming birds; and when lilies of the valley and jessamine were out of date, they might kiss the far sweeter honey that breathes between the lips of Miss S * *, or any other of the blooming beauties of England. The stork would teach us to love our "*tuguria*," and the tailor bird might countenance that much bespattered race, without which we should all look like a clothier's sign. People know well enough how to appropriate other people's property, whether in office or out, and therefore we need not multiply magpies and jackdaws, barring, that like other thieves, they are abundant enough already. But we might substitute, for frogs in St. James's Park, the duck-billed beaver; which would serve the double purpose of wonderment to the natives on Sundays, and of duck, when roasted with sage and onions. Besides which, it is very possible that he would swallow up all the malaria, and prevent his Majesty King George the Fourth from dying of the ague, which his Majesty seems very desirous of doing, considering that he is going to build another receptacle of poison behind his new palace, that if the fever misses him in the front it may hit him in the rear.

Thus much of birds, and the muse must proceed to treat of beasts. Let us begin soberly, as our horse is given to running away. But we forget; for what reason is it that, there being a hundred and twenty of the genus *Anas*, we cultivate but two, the goose and the duck? The teal is a much prettier bird to look at than either, and it is much better when reasted. The Hollanders cultivate it in their yards, and we do not. For what reason should we not cultivate the wigeon, and the she Drake, and the bran goose, and the mandarin duck, and the eider duck? by which we might stuff our pillows as well as our stomachs, and the *anas coscoraba*,

melanotos, tadorna, montana, nilotica, moschata, albicans, clypeata, capensis, penelope, and so on to the end of the chapter.

On this we have a serious remonstrance to make, for we must now pass from amusement to utility. In the space of four thousand years, which is about the time which has passed since the deluge, when all the beasts and birds were let loose, we, the world altogether, have tamed about half a dozen birds, when it might have tamed the whole ark. We ourselves have the goose and the duck, which the Londoners, like fools, eat when they are jelly and gristle, and which the wiser Cornish roast when they are solid, substantial, ever-during food. We have the turkey, honoured with a seat in the Norfolk mail coach at Christmas; the pintado, which makes an abominable noise, but which is better than a pheasant; the common fowl, which the French turn into poularde and capon; the swan, which was fit only to be eaten by the barbarians of feudal England; and the peacock, which was the food and pride of kings and chivalry, but which we cannot buy at Mr. Fisher's above once or twice in a year, if we would give a guinea for it.

Such is the catalogue of our domesticated birds, and not one of them have we acquired by our own exertions. We might have had the whole British Museum walking about our yards by this time, or swimming in our ponds, ready for roasting, and that would have been no great number either. It is a long time since the deluge. We have pheasants indeed from Colchos; but then we must shoot them, at the expense of a license, or at the risk of being prosecuted for poaching, or caught by the leg in a steel trap, and breaking our tibia and fibula, one or both. And quails, if we choose to buy them out of a cage; and partridges, when we can get leave to shoot on some great man's manor; and moor-fowl, if we choose to hire a farm from some Highland chief, at five hundred pounds, for the sake of giving away two hundred and forty moor-fowl to our friends, who grumble at paying the carriage, and eating the other ten brace.

If we do not choose to domesticate ostriches, why should we not at least domesticate our own quails, and pheasants, and partridges, besides owls, ravens, and magpies. The ostriches would run admirably in a light curricule, or they would carry the idle heir of a dukedom, who is too wise to make themes and nonsense verses, better than a Shetland pony. A hungry man would not require two of their eggs for breakfast. The undertakers' feathers need not be worn so very bare. Madame Carbery the plumassier, would diminish her rates; and the Duke of York might raise another regiment of Highland savages, or of Irish manufacturers and vagabonds, and call it the third battalion of the glorious Forty Second.

We desire to see all the animals that wing the air domesticated, except a bat, which has no flesh on its bones. We desire to increase the variety of our food; we desire to increase our amusement, and our knowledge of the character of animals; we desire

to eat some and admire others; to prove to the birds that we are cleverer than they, inasmuch as we have reason:—heaven bless the mark—and, above all, we desire improvement—reform—because we are a discontented *We*.

But we quit the volant race at last, and arrive at quadrupeds.

In that long space of time which we have already named, we have brought under our dominion, in this country, the horse, the ass, the ox, the fallow deer, the sheep, the goat, the dog, and the cat. Five four-legged animals out of a thousand. We use the term *we* unjustly: *We* have not domesticated one animal in eighteen hundred and twenty-five years, unless it be the cockroach and bugs; the rest we have received as the legacy of antecedent nations.

Other lands have done somewhat more; since they have made companions of the elephant, and the camel, and the dromedary. There is a wide field before us, if we would but cultivate it. We have pointed out one kind of utility already; there are many other purposes to be served. There are quadrupeds to admire, quadrupeds to eat, and quadrupeds to labour for us. There are quadrupeds also to bear horns and wool, to make handles for our knives and coats for our backs. We talk now of cultivating the silk worm, and we forget that we might cultivate shawls.

We have noticed the reindeer already. It has been attempted, and it has failed, from ignorance and inattention. We introduced the Wapiti deer, and his Majesty's keepers suffered them all to die. Our own roe and red deer run wild, and are starved; we might keep them in our parks, as we do our fallow deer. We might cultivate the endless tribe of antelopes, ride upon zebras, and put elks into harness. We might grow rhinoceroses to make jackets for the Tenth dragoons; and dromedaries for M. Rothschild to send expresses to Dover and cheat the fund-holders. We might ride upon cameleopards, which would shortly produce a new patent saddle. We might turn lions loose into Leicestershire, to teach our dandies courage. Much better, we might educate wild boars, that we might have a boar's head with an orange in its mouth at Christmas.

If we could catch a mastodon or a megatherium in Wabash, it is probable that Mr. Birkbeck might make a better fortune by it at a shilling a head, than by living in a log-house and cooking his own dinner (poor man! it is said he is drowned in a ditch); and it is likely that his progeny would be made assistant professors of geology to Mr. Buckland and Mr. Sedgwick.

Heaven and earth only know what revolutions our empire might not undergo by feeding on kangaroo mutton chops and tame guanas. The population of man himself, as well as of beast, might hereafter puzzle Mr. Malthus, and demand a new edition. At the assemblies we might hear, "Your ladyship's elephant stops the way."—"Mrs. Coutts's baboons are next." The Derby might be run for by unicorns; the Herald's office might invent new beasts,

having pretty well worn out the old. Mr. Edmund Lodge would be obliged to study Linnæus instead of Gwyllim; Dr. Kitchiner would be compelled to write a new cookery book; we should have tigers *a-la-daube*, and rattlesnakes *au bechamel*. Even the British Museum might learn the names of the *mammalia*, and fill its empty cases.

It remains to be asked how all this is to be effected. Not by sitting still, and voting that it is impossible. Government might create a menagerie, as France has done. If that did not go further than it has in France, there would not be much gained. Government has a menagerie of its own to manage, and is fully employed, at least, if not better. The government tigers would be starved, and they would eat up the monkeys. The feeder's place would become a sinecure, and he would keep a curate. Mr. Hume would move for a return. The Methodists would vote it an interference with Providence. The Society for the Suppression of Vice would prosecute the blue-nosed baboons, and the dandy members would be jealous of the apes. The lawyers would be equally jealous of the vultures. The Chancellor might suppose the lion a libel on his wig. The Highland drovers would petition, and so would Mr. Polito, for loss of trade. The contractors would furnish bad beef; no, it is not a government matter. Establish a joint stock company, or a Royal Society of Beasts, and offer premiums.

It would be a matter for idle country gentlemen and fox hunters, if that race was good for any thing. But it will not be done, because it is Improvement; we, however, have done our duty; and secure in the approbation of a good conscience, we retire. Other generations will see it; and, perhaps, when we are dust and ashes, our bones will be dug up and invested with the Royal Guelphic order.

We have but one other improvement to propose, for the benefit of future generations, and we must recur to our original subject of fishes. Arion is our authority; and every body knows that he rode to shore upon a dolphin. It must have been a large dolphin indeed; but it might have been a seal.

It is not necessary to equitate on dolphins, particularly as Mr. Whippy might be troubled to contrive a saddle for one. We propose to drive them in a curriele. And here we claim the merit of a sublime discovery. As we teach leopards to hunt tigers, we might harness a pair of whales to a Greenland ship, for the purpose of blowing up their fraternity with Congreve rockets. We might sail our packets to Bombay with a team of sharks, instead of a couple of steam engines; and thus oranges would arrive from Smyrna before they were rotten, and the Custom-house would establish a new average.

All this is impossible, of course. It was once thought impossible to fly up in a balloon, to fly down in a parachute, to spend a thousand millions without having two, to carry light twenty miles under ground, to beat Buonaparte, or replace Louis le Desiré, to bubble the people a second time by a South Sea scheme, to bring

Mrs. Coutts into the drawing-room, to prove Mr. Pitt a bad politician, to make a horse drink tea, or a turkey dance a minuet,—and much more.

Times change, and “*nos mutamur.*” If we live long enough, we will drive a pair of porpoises, in as good a coach as Lord Harborough’s, except that it will not require wheels. Mr. Seppings shall be the constructor; and one of the idle lieutenants of the navy may be the coachman if he likes.

Why not? because fishes live in the water and we live in the air. That is a very valid reason, but it is not a good one. We know nothing about the docility of fishes, because we have never tried to know. But we do know that they are docile as far as they have been tried. They will lick our hands, and feed out of them; they will come at a call. Gold fish have drawn a light boat; whales might draw a man-of-war. We do not see the vast difficulty; not in keeping whales in a pond, but in taming porpoises and sharks at least. The man who first proposed to ride on the neck of an elephant, to make him fight in the ranks, and make a fool of himself for the cockneys at Exeter Change, would have been once thought as mad as the gentleman who now proposes to drive four porpoises in hand.

Let them be confined in a pond; let their young be produced there, if they can, or let them be introduced young. Let them be starved, and then fed with caresses, as other animals are, not flogged into their tasks like the boys at Eton; let them feel the bit gently, be put through the manege every day, taught to dance between the pillars, and if they cannot be rubbed down with a whip of straw, let them be coaxed and patted. We have examined their craniological system, and find that they have the organ of traction. A fish is not a stupid, senseless, eating brute, like a New Hollander. He has difficult duties to perform in the world, and he is provided with brains accordingly. When he is perfect in his exercises, put him into harness; if he is inclined to run away, or dive, it is only to have Mr. What-d’ye-callum’s patent traces, and let him slip his collar if he likes, till he is used to it. What a regale would this be for Brighton and Margate! and was there ever a race-course, ever a downs, like the Downs. The ocean wants no Macadamization. It is the highway of nations, and has neither trusts nor turnpikes.

Our plan will succeed: it cannot fail. Mr. Bramah or somebody else will have a patent for it before next Monday. We shall soon rival Neptune and Amphitrite; and Albano’s pictures will no longer be a problem. We shall make naval war in chariots, instead of frigates. There will be French sharks and English sharks, as if there were not enough of both already; we shall discover uniforms for them, which will give fresh occupation to his Majesty and the King of Prussia; the gilded trumpeters will clothe themselves in sea-green, and turn into tritons; and instead of laying in pickled beef and Irish horse for our crews, they will forage for themselves on living turbot and cod.

C.

[*London Magazine.*]

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

Babylon the Great: a Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the British Capital. By the Author of "The Modern Athens." 2 Vols. Small 8vo. 18s. Knight. 1825.

THIS account of Babylon the Great is sketched by no unworthy hand. But it is evident, even from a slight inspection, that the first title is a misnomer, and the second rather too ambitious. For a great part of the work is a panegyric on one part of the periodical press, or an invective against the other; and the remainder consists of a review of the talents and moral qualities of the leading members of the two Houses of Parliament, a description of a storm at sea, remarks on John Bull, and something about the city. If we except the first chapter, the two volumes afford to a stranger almost as little of the details of this metropolis as Pope's Essay on Man.

The introductory chapter excites such high hopes of a truly philosophical work, that, clever as it is on the whole, we were, nevertheless, disappointed, when we came to the end;—so dangerous is it for an orator or an author to have too splendid an exordium.

"The literature of England, of Europe, of the world, at any place or for any time, contains not a page, a volume, or a book, so mighty in import, or so magnificent in explanation, as the single word *LONDON*. That is the talisman which opens the book of nature and of nations, and sets before the observer the men of all countries and all ages, in respect both to what they are and what they have done. Whatever is profound in science, sublime in song, exquisite in art, skilful in manufacture, daring in speculation, determined in freedom, rich in possession, comfortable in life, magnificent in style, or voluptuous in enjoyment, is to be found within the precincts of that great Babylon; and there, too, are to be found every meanness, every vice, and every crime, by which human nature can be debased and degraded.

"Elsewhere one may contemplate a single feature or lineament of the great picture of man; but here they are all together and at once upon the canvas, singularly blended and even confounded together, but still strong, graphic, and perfect in all their peculiarities. The direct contemplation of this vast picture is, perhaps, too great a labour for any one man; and the details, if minutely given, would form a work from the perusal of which the most voracious reader would turn aside; and therefore a sketch, which shall exhibit the great features, physical and intellectual, must, with however light and hasty a pencil it is touched, be fraught with interest.

"London may be considered, not merely as the capital of England or the British empire, but as the metropolis of the world,—not merely as the seat of a government which extends its connexions and exercises its influence to the remotest points of the earth's surface—not merely as it contains the wealth and the machinery by which the freedom and the slavery of nations are bought and sold—not merely as the heart, by whose pulses the tides of intelligence, activity, and commerce, are made to circulate throughout every land—not merely as possessing a freedom of opinion, and a hardihood in the expression of that opinion, unknown to every other city—not merely as taking the lead in every informing science, and in every useful and embellishing art,—but as being foremost and without a rival in every means of aggrandizement and enjoyment, and also of neglect and misery—of every thing that can render life sweet and man happy, or that can render life bitter and man wretched."

The second chapter is occupied with an account of the author's

voyage (from Scotland we suppose). Besides being too long, it has little or nothing to do with Babylon the Great. Moreover, it tells us that the person, who is about to give an ample and accurate account of this metropolis of the world, with a Dissection and Demonstration of the Men and the Things which it contains, (subjects demanding, at least, some length of experience,) is, in fact, a comarative stranger. No sooner does he land, than he gives as broad, and we had almost said as dogmatical, an account of the society of London,—to which, it is evident, he has not been very widely introduced,—as if he had lived in that great mart of good living more than half a century.

There are many points, in which the good citizens will be ready to go hand in hand with him: but whether they will feel equally well pleased with his accusations, that they possess vulgar manners, and are in possession of scarcely one human sympathy, is more than we can determine. There are, nevertheless, many remarks in this and the succeeding chapter exceedingly true, amusing, and pointed: as for instance,

“Every where you meet with that perfect frankness and civility to which I have adverted, and which, as it is the result of frequent casual intercourse, makes that intercourse pleasing. But if you have come from a little society where external courtesy is the sign of cordiality of heart, you will be sadly out in Babylon. The Babylonian smile, and bow, and welcome, are the genuine smile, and bow, and welcome of the counter. They are levelled, not at you, but at your purse. The man varnishes his speech for the same purpose that he varnishes his sign-board, and arranges his smiles just as he arranges the goods in his shop-window—for the purpose of attracting customers; and he who is so very fair with you in the purchase of what you require, and so polite when you are paying him for it, cares no more for you than the gown or the gallipot upon its shelves, and would look with all the complacency in the world upon you taking the air upon the little platform in front of Newgate.”

The fourth chapter contains some very sprightly remarks on the elements of that character, so much talked of by the world, and so much applauded by himself—JOHN BULL, and on the various modifications which have been made in the constitution of that character by the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, who form so large a part of the London population. In spite of all these associations, however, John Bull, according to this author, is in no degree altered from his original character.

“The imprint upon John is as deeply stamped as upon a Greek medal; and wherever you find him, whether in London or Calcutta, whatever be his rank, and whether he commands or obeys, he never can be mistaken. Every where he is a blunt matter-of-fact sort of being, very honest, but cold, and repulsive withal. He has the solidity of a material substance all over; and you can never fail to observe that wherever he is, or with whoever he associates, John always considers himself the foremost man,—nor will he take an advice or a lesson from any body that previously gives him a hint that he needs it. Wherever he is, too, you can perceive that his own comfort—his own immediate personal comfort—is the grand object of all his exertions and all his wishes.”

The fifth chapter treats of the corporation; and the astonishment of the author at the grandeur of the Lord Mayor's personal appearance; the splendour of his coach, harness, and barge; his

power as an annual king; the portly wisdom of the city peers; and the attractive eloquence of its house of commons.

The next chapter handles a very important, and a very delicate, subject,—the *Ladies of the Metropolis*. There is in it some point, and no small share of truth.

"To compensate for the want of those two grand sources of mental enjoyment," (*regular and systematic gossiping and blue stockingism*.) "Babylon spreads out for her daughters an ample display of more substantial, if less sublime and ethereal pleasure. If women be withdrawn from their criticism and philosophical display,—from the circle of their pursuits,—the Graces are sent to console them for the first, and Cupid helps them to bear the miseries of the second: they are very prone to enter into wedlock; and they hesitate not to confess, or at least to show, that all their education, all their habits, all their occupations, and all their amusements, have that for their grand and invariable object. If they belong to the humbler classes of society, they readily bear a part in the labours of the profession, and second their husbands in turning the chances of business to the best account. So perfectly, indeed, in the under ranks, are the sexes identified in their employments and in their amusements, that, but for the difference of their dress, it would hardly be possible to distinguish the one from the other. When the rank is a little higher, there is just as complete a separation; and it very frequently happens that the lady of a superior Babylonian tradesman, or inferior Babylonian merchant, who lives "within four miles of the bridges," enjoys very little of her husband's society, and cares not much for him, so that she can keep up her own establishment, and enjoy her pleasures, uninterrupted and uncontrolled. Woman's a paradox in every place; and no where is she more a paradox than in Babylon the Great."

The eight remaining chapters of the first volume are devoted entirely to the Parliament. And here the author appears more completely at home, than in any other part of his subject. It is impossible to peruse his sketches of men and parties, and his dissection of their relative merits and defects, without acknowledging his varied powers.

We shall confine ourselves to his sketches of Lords Liverpool, Grey, and Holland, in the House of Lords, and of Mr. Canning in the House of Commons.

LORD LIVERPOOL is thus characterized:

"Lord Liverpool possesses a moderate and reasonable degree of original talents; and they have received a moderate share of cultivation, though that has been a cultivation in business-details rather than in original or theoretical principles. His judgment is respectable, although it has by no means the acute and searching profundity of that of Lord Eldon; and though upon the whole he be a clear logician, he is apt to fall into many blunders upon many subjects; and this evidently because many of the subjects with which he has to grapple involve combinations which are too intricate for his disentanglement, and principles which are too large for his grasp. In his appearance there is something extremely prepossessing; and no man can be more specious in his manner, or more mild in his expressions: nor do these agreeable qualities appear to be in the least assumed,—they are so easy, and so habitual, that he must have received them from nature. His voice is loud and clear; and his language, though not of the most powerful or classical character, is notwithstanding good. Nor is there any great reason to quarrel with the structure of his speeches: they are rather loose, to be sure, and generally somewhat lengthy; but as both the looseness and the length have the appearance of being the result of a continual endeavour to make himself perfectly understood, they are never either tiresome or offensive. Lord Liverpool is an agreeable speaker, as well for the qualities that I have noticed, as for the air of perfect earnestness and good faith which are always playing about him. When he blunders, though there scarcely be any one in whom we regret the existence of a blunder so much, there is perhaps no man with whom we feel so little disposition to be of-

fended.—Notwithstanding the mildness of his manner, and the soft, persuasive, and diffusive flow of his words, Lord Liverpool is a man of sanguine temperament; and though his feelings have not the mass or the hardness of those of men of more stern and vigorous character, perhaps there is not in the whole House one whose feelings are keener, or who is so delicately sensible to that which runs counter to his opinion of the principles of right and wrong."

LORD GREY, says the author, is very much the reverse of all this:

"One cannot help assenting to most of the doctrines which he delivers, and admiring the mode in which they are delivered; but really it would require more coaxing than the pride of Earl Grey could be expected to submit to, to make one very much in love with the man. With a better knowledge, perhaps, of the popular rights of Englishmen, more perfect judgment in their defence, and a more commanding, dignified, and forcible declaration of them, than any other man in either of the Houses, the whole bearing of Earl Grey, whether truly or not I take not upon me to determine, proclaims, and proclaims it in such a way as that no one can possibly mistake it, that he does not consider himself one of those people of whose rights he is, notwithstanding, so bold and so able a champion. Earl Grey is an elegant man in his person; and his usual dress is tight and trim, bordering upon prigism. When he sits still, there is a querulous and hectic air about him, which would induce one to believe that he feels sore both in body and mind; and when he first rose to speak, I felt a kind of mixed sensation that never came across me upon first observing any other public man. During the first sentence or two, it seemed as if the subject had been too great for his bodily strength, and too little for his mental feelings—as though he had risen to perform an act of duty to which his strength was unequal, and to do a deed of condescension by which his notion of himself was to be humbled. This expression, however, by degrees wore off; and he had not proceeded far, when his strength appeared more than commensurate to the task; and, if his mind had not descended to what seemed at first the level of the subject, he had soon contrived to elevate the subject to his own vantage ground. Never did I hear the parts of an argument chosen with better judgment, or put together with more fitness and force of logical concatenation. His voice, which had at first seemed the voice of a man ready to gasp or to faint, through feebleness, caught a peculiar manliness of emphasis, which was in no way diminished by its slightly guttural tone. His language, though simple, and never strained after gaudy ornaments, seemed to me nevertheless to be a perfect model of elegance; while in his air and his gestures there was so much of genteel dignity, and polished loftiness, that I could soon see a reason for his being looked up to as a leader of a party, (since I must mention parties,) in the composition of which pride does not form the smallest ingredient."

The portrait of LORD HOLLAND is happy:

"If Earl Grey seems the portraiture of the haughty Baron, who, with circumstances a little changed, might exist in any country, Lord Holland is the express image of John Bull himself, and could neither have been produced, nor could exist, out of England. Every thing about him is English. You would tell a secret to Liverpool with perfect confidence, and, touching your hat to Grey, as a highly respectable and respected personage, you would pass by on the other side; but the moment that you see Lord Holland, a very strong disposition comes across you to walk up to him, and shake him by the hand with as much cordiality as you would a twenty years' friend after a thirty years' absence. He is so perfectly plain, and even homely, though certainly without the least trace of vulgarity, in his dress, his person, and his manners,—there sits such a demonstration of good feelings, good intentions, good heart, and good cheer, every where about him,—and there are withal so many 'wreathed smiles,' about his mouth, and such a glee, and a desire to be happy and to make happy, in his eye, that, instead of meeting with him in the cold solemnity of the House of Lords, you would far rather that he and you should retire and crack a bottle and a joke together, after the business of the House were over."

The oratorical portraits taken from the House of Commons are still more vividly sketched. The author, we think, very conside-

fably underrates Mr. Plunkett. His description of Mr. Brougham is laboured and bombastical. That of Mr. Canning is in a much better style.

"Without having a single trace of pedantry, of foppery, or affectation about him, Mr. Canning has more of the real art of the orator than any man in the House. In the range of his powers, and in depth of knowledge, more especially on philosophical subjects, he is inferior to Brougham; but in all those qualities which are calculated to dazzle and to win an enlightened audience, he is decidedly superior. Canning's head is about the finest that you can meet with. It does not, to be sure, indicate that depth or that power which are indicated by some others; but there is so much symmetry and grace, so perfect a balancing of all its faculties, and so total an absence of every thing harsh, or mean, or vulgar, that if he were not a very able man, the anticipation is so great that his speeches would appear to be fables. But his manner, and, generally speaking, his matter, are every way worthy of the Stanary (so to speak) of his eloquence. His voice is not so tremendously loud when elevated, neither can it sink into the curious under-tone which seems peculiar to Brougham; but it is deep and musical, and accords with his open and manly expression; and though his action be somewhat more theatrical than it would be safe for inferior men to undertake, yet no man knows better how to suit the action to the word. The language which Mr. Canning employs is exceedingly showy; and his style, though never tiresome, is very elaborate. One cannot pronounce that he is the most acute and close of logicians; but he is generally so clear, and always so specious, that one follows him with pleasure. But though he succeeds well in the establishment of his own positions, his forte obviously lies in sacking and demolishing those of his antagonists. He does this with a wit and a sprightliness which are truly Horatian; and when he lets loose the arrows of his wit against any personage, that personage must have previously got far into your esteem, if he do not, the while, appear an object of ridicule."

In the second volume there is a very considerable falling off for a work so ambitious in title and design. It is chiefly occupied with details concerning the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly press.

With respect to Babylonian education the author observes, that the great aim of the men in London is to be successful in business; and that of the women to be agreeable in manner and fascinating in person. The education of both sexes, therefore, bears most upon those particular points. The consequence, necessarily, must be, that education, to insure those results, must be light, showy, and superficial.

"That which London demands," says our author, "is action: the bustle, the hurry, and the necessities of its society will not admit of that long, laborious, industrious, and retired preparation, which is the foundation of that eminence which it attracts. In such a place, human life is too valuable, and human time too precious, for being occupied about any thing that cannot be turned immediately to account; and therefore the system of education which prevails in and about London scarcely comes under the denomination of what may strictly be termed moral discipline, or mental culture."

From all which the writer would infer, that London, however favourable it may be for the exercise, or reward, of talent, is not, and cannot, be favourable for its production. The concluding chapter of this volume gives some curious items of expense, arising out of a suit in Chancery, which would be really amusing, were not the general theme too serious to be made the subject of laughter. The author is said to be a Mr. Moody, a gentleman connected with the newspaper-press.

[*Monthly Review.*

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

An Inquiry into the present State of the Civil Laws of England. By John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Svo. pp. 533. 18s.

GREAT and silent revolutions—revolutions in principle—distinguish the time in which we live. Our leading public men have been bred up amid the toils of a protracted war, abounding in difficulties which demanded all their energies, and habituated their minds to gigantic operations. Called upon to resolve, as a quick succession of emergencies would permit, few of them, fortunately for the country, have had time left to imbue themselves with the prejudices of former ages, or to train themselves to a servile admiration of those deformities which encumber the fabric of our constitution. When the excitement of the war subsided, minds thus formed naturally applied themselves to the examination of those principles of political economy, upon which the country had acted for centuries without any change. It was soon found that the intellect and enterprise of the community had outgrown many of those antiquated principles, and that new interests had arisen, which sought a wider sphere of action. Novel doctrines (the beneficial effects of which had been occasionally proved, during the anarchy which had so long vexed Europe,) were seen emerging from the confusion, like morning from the womb of night, and all that remained to be done was to acknowledge their utility, and to adapt them to our institutions.

In twelve years of peace we have seen the true principles of commerce analysed, and brought into operation with so much vigour, that it is to be hoped they will not be overthrown, or again obscured. Impolitic taxation has been abolished or reduced, as far as the necessities of the state would allow. Industry, in almost every possible manner, has been released from trammels, and suffered to glide into its natural channel. By the more enlightened, strenuous exertions have been made to remove religious disabilities, in order that, by allaying that sectarian animosity, which divides one part of the empire from the other, the strength of the whole might be augmented.

At a time when so many liberal objects have been accomplished, and others are fast approaching to their completion, how happens it that the law stands alone in "barbaric pride," as if it were superior to the reforming hand of time? Why is it that law proceedings are still overrun with unintelligible jargon, attended with expense which often amounts to a denial of justice, and involved in machinery which is productive only of uncertainty and delay; whilst all other abuses are yielding by degrees to the influence of enlightened opinion?

When the difficulties and extent of the subject, and the adherence of the profession to precedent, are considered, we do not

think that too much praise can be given to Mr. Miller for his important and most interesting work. It exhibits a comprehensive and fearless mind, applying to his task the most liberal and enlightened principles, superior to every influence of party, and guided solely by a view to the public good. He does not shrink from censuring individuals, when they appear to him to deserve it: but he generally prefers the more useful course, of bearing with all his ability against those systems, which interfere with the administration of justice.

His attention is first directed to the chief courts of common law and equity, and to such particulars in each of these jurisdictions as appear to be most remarkable in their constitution, procedure, or doctrines. He next points out some important amendments of which the civil law of England appears to be susceptible; and, lastly, he adverts to the means by which the general improvement of the administration of justice may most effectually be facilitated.

The work is not, in general, remarkable for elegance of style. It wants compression, or, we should rather say, it has the positive faults of diffusiveness and loose arrangement, which mark the composition of lawyers in general. Mr. Miller's complaints are too much like those of a bill in Chancery.

The subjects embraced in Mr. Miller's book are various, and all of very great importance. We trust that his suggestions will speedily receive the attention of the legislature, and that something like order, and utility, shall be restored to our laws and courts of justice, before their abuses call down upon them the detestation of the whole country.

[*Monthly Review.*]

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

LESLIE'S PAINTING.

(*From a Notice of the British Institution.*)

THE number 93 has brought us to Leslie and his Don Quixote; and, if we were to judge merely from the crowds which daily surround this picture, it ought to be a good one. It is a good sign of the improvement of the public taste, that it is so surrounded, for it does not appear to us to possess those qualities which generally attract and fix the public admiration. It is quiet and unpretending, and these are not generally attractive qualities. Be that as it may, this is a picture of a merit as high as is likely to be easily attained in this line of art. The story is perfectly well told, and nothing needs be desired superior to the characters, the unbending and unlistening gravity of the Duenna, the beauty and grace of the Duchess, the consequence and rusticity of Sancho, the graceful fun of the damsels, and the downright honest delight of the negro girl.

The last figure is perfectly alive; and we expect every minute to see the laugh pass from her face, so perfect and so transitory does it seem. In point of general management and colour nothing is wanting, unless we should object to a slight purple tinge, a somewhat cold hue also, which marks the face of the Duchess. The composition is simple and natural, so that we do not see the painter's art; and that he has not feared difficulties, is plain from the foreshortening of one of the attendants. As to the accessories, nothing can be better painted than the mandolin, the China jar, the flowers, and the looking-glass; and the dog itself is most happily conceived and executed. This is an artist who will paint more and better, if better can be; for it is plain that he loves his art, and has thought and looked long for what he has here given us, easy as the produce may appear. [London Mag.]

Literary Intelligence.

Since the appearance of Mr. Coventry's book, in which it is endeavoured to prove Lord George Saville the author of Junius, the London Literary Gazette contains this notice :—

Junius.—The mystery of the authorship of Junius's Letters would appear to increase in equal ratio with the increase of forced claimants. If we are not misinformed, the public will forthwith have to judge of another, and that a very commanding name.

The *Speeches of Mr. Canning*, we are given to understand, are in the press, under the superintendence of a gentleman and scholar in every respect qualified for the task. The work is to consist of two volumes, with a preface, notes, &c.

Mr. E. H. Barker, who was long intimate with the late Dr. Parr, is employed on a Biography of that eminent scholar. The Doctor, we understand, has left literally no literary labours behind him.

A Hebrew Tale, entitled, "Sephora," descriptive of the country of Palestine, and of the Manners and Customs of the ancient Israelites, 2 vols. post 8vo. may shortly be expected to appear.

Beresford's *Miseries of Human Life*; a new edition, with some *Posthumous Greans*, is announced.

A French translation of "Marriage" is about to be published at Paris.

The last two volumes, completing the modern biography, under the title of *Biographia des Contemporaires*, will appear in the course of the month. Curiosity is breathless for the article *Talleyrand*, which it is said is drawn up by a great diplomatist. But be it drawn up by whom it may, it will necessarily be very imperfect. No one dare write it as posterity will view it, and even then many parts can only be guessed at, unless the Prince leaves behind him his *RENT-ROLL*. It would be highly curious to ascertain how high he rated his journeys to the different powers of Europe, and what sums entered his coffers as the rewards of those services.—*Paris Letter*.

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